NATIONAL REVIEW

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November 26, 1955

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Presidential "Inability"

THE VIEWS OF EDWIN S. CORWIN

Lest We Remember!

EUGENE LYONS

The Atomic Disarmament Trap

MEDFORD EVANS

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . JOHN ABBOT CLARK
L. BRENT BOZELL · SAM M. JONES · WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.
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from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

Anything can happen of course in a Democratic National Convention, but it looks as if Adlai Stevenson will be the next Presidential nominee of the party of Jefferson and Truman. Adlai is the best candidate left over from '52. The southern bulwark of the Democracy won't like it but it won't bolt. If it is a question of Adlai or Averell or Estes, comparisons may be invidious but they make Mr. Stevenson look good.

In 1952 Governor Stevenson was saddled with Yalta, Korea, Harry Truman and the "Washington mess," to say nothing of General Eisenhower's pristine glamor. Under these circumstances, Stevenson's defeat was inevitable, but his showing was nonetheless remarkable. Today it is a different story. The Eisenhower Administration has lost the foreign relations issue by default. The Washington mess is largely forgotten and Mr. Truman seems to be wavering toward "honest Ave." The legend of Eisenhower is no longer a high hurdle.

It should be recalled also that Governor Stevenson was an added starter in the 1952 race. Senator Kefauver had won enough primary victories to make his nomination sure if there were anything resembling justice in a political convention. Mr. Stevenson was the most reluctant dragon ever dragooned to give his all to a lost cause. But he became a fighting candidate.

Like Senator Kefauver, Averell Harriman was an also-ran in the '52 Democratic Convention, but unlike the Senator he had no imposing record of primary victories to indicate a popular demand for his services as the head of government. Like Senator Kerr of Oklahoma, Mr. Harriman's chief qualification for the nomination was his own self-esteem. Senator Kerr caused a log cabin to be installed on the mezzanine floor of the Hilton Hotel in Chicago during the Democratic Convention. A sign informed all passers-by that this wooden structure was a replica of the Oklahoma birthplace of Robert S. Kerr, "the next President of the United States."

If Mr. Harriman had been of the same mind, he might have caused a ninety-room replica of his birthplace in the Ramapo Mountains of New York State to be constructed for the edification of the Democratic delegates. But even the Hilton Hotel—once the world's largest—would have been inadequate to represent the Harriman background, or the Harriman ego, which is at least as grandiose and as humorless as Senator Kerr's.

Governor Harriman and Senator Kefauver offer little serious competition to Governor Stevenson. Governor Frank Lausche of Ohio would be a far more formidable challenge. He would undoubtedly receive a tremendous number of Republican votes—if he could get the nomination. But there's the rub in both parties: getting the nomination. Tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, Governor Lausche's Catholicism might not be an insurmountable barrier to election, but is certainly a prime handicap for the nomination.

The Washington Post comments editorially, "There should be a sense of reassurance in the country that Adlai E. Stevenson has announced his candidacy for the Democratic Presidential nomination next year—if the Democrats choose him again and if the Republicans are also as wise and fortunate as they were in 1952, the country may face the forthcoming campaign with equanimity."

Perhaps equanimity is a synonym for docility. The South will stand "ground-hitched" for Stevenson but no considerable proportion of the electorate, north or south of the Mason-Dixon Line, is likely to be reassured by the news that Adlai is available.

On the supplementary suggestion that all will be well if the Republicans renominate Mr. Eisenhower or a reasonable facsimile, only the Liberals could face such a campaign with equanimity. More of the same in both parties might make for a tame campaign but it would defeat the purpose of the election. Conceivably the Republican nominee may not be a disciple of Eisenhower or a shadow of the Spirit of Geneva. If the Republicans nominate a contrasting personality, a candidate who vigorously opposes all that Mr. Stevenson represents politically, the country will have a clear-cut choice between two vitally conflicting schools of thought. It would provide an opportunity to find out where the majority stands—for freedom or equanimity.

Governor Stevenson, harkening to a distant bugle call, is first to the post. Perhaps its echoes will summon a champion worthy of the issues at stake.

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The WEEK

Bloody But Still Bowed

There is one particular in which this last Big Four conference marks an advance over its predecessors; it is an *acknowledged* failure. The list is beginning to read like a geography quiz. What do these cities have in common—Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam, Moscow, London, Geneva, Geneva? Our statesmen must be gluttons for punishment. One wink from a Soviet diplomat and they are ready to rush halfway across the world to get kicked in the teeth.

It might be a good idea to relax for a while, and tell Khrushchev that when he and his colleagues are ready to discuss the real causes of world tension—namely, Soviet imperialism and Communist subversion—he should let us know, but meanwhile he can keep his smiles for Nehru.

And along with that message we might correct a little error in dates that occurred during the midst of the conference. Apparently someone in Washington got his revolutions mixed up. As part of Moscow's revolutionary celebration on November 7 there was sent from Denver, over the President's signature, a personal message of congratulation to Premier Bulganin. Surely there must be someone in the State Department equipped to remind Mr. Eisenhower that the Russian democratic revolution against Tsarism took place in March. November 7, 1917, was the day when the Bolsheviks *overthrew* Russian democracy.

Caesarism

To begin with: Mr. David Lawrence presides over the most needed news gathering magazine in America. Week after week, during the hectic years when the country was torn in two over the question whether our great retreat from victory was in part at least due to treachery within our government, *U. S. News and World Report,* alone, reproduced page after page of congressional testimony, FBI reports, loyalty board hearings, and other data, accumulating in a few years a body of evidence that testified incontrovertibly to the serious menace of a bureaucracy riddled by Communists and pro-Communists. On top of that, Mr. Lawrence has himself, in his prosaic, resolute and informed column, challenged the statists and appeasers and political lynchers, on several hysterical occasions contributing the single voice of sanity.

These are the surrounding circumstances which make Mr. Lawrence's most recent position on the

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Eisenhower question all the more strange. For he suggests that Mr. Eisenhower be nominated for President in 1956 by *both* parties—"a proposal based upon a widely held belief that the American people ought not to be deprived of the services of President Eisenhower in a world crisis."

Such a move by the two political parties would organically change the composition of the American Republic. Among other things, it would eliminate the final peaceable instrument the harassed individual can levy against his governors—the all-important negative vote of No Confidence. Mr. Lawrence's suggestion might be dismissed as a non-recurrent aberration by an otherwise reliably cool and acclimated American were it not for other signs on the horizon, which compel attention.

The first of these is revealed by Mr. Lawrence himself, in the quoted column. We have often heard that President Eisenhower likes to think of himself as leader of all the people in more than the constitutional sense in which he is the elected President of the nation. The sentiment is perfectly healthy if it remains subjective. The danger lies in any attempt to institutionalize such a relationship with the people, by depriving them of the opportunity to reject the leadership of any individual, however solicitous he has shown himself of their welfare. But now Mr. Lawrence tells us that

> Although it has not been disclosed before, it was Dwight Eisenhower, himself, who first broached the idea of running as a non-partisan nominee himself for the Presidency. It happened in 1946, when, as Chief of Staff of the United States Army, he was visiting General MacArthur, then in Tokyo as the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in the Far East.
>
> After the day's inspection tasks were over and the two men relaxed in the evening, the talk turned to politics back home. In the press at that time, General Eisenhower's name was being prominently mentioned as a possible Presidential nominee and there was speculation as to whether he would accept a Democratic or a Republican nomination. General MacArthur asked Ike if he intended to be a Presidential candidate. General Eisenhower replied that he would be if he could be assured of the nomination on both the Republican and the Democratic tickets. He said he was convinced it was feasible. General MacArthur argued that this wasn't practical under the two-party system, but the two men were talking at that time about a normal situation in American politics.

It can *still* be maintained that General Eisenhower's attitude, as expressed in 1946 at any rate, is not, for several reasons, dangerous to the Republic. For one thing, it is an attitude that emanated from a man more distinguished for his affability and skills in reconciling antagonists than for a profound knowledge of his country's political institutions, such as the division of power, and our traditional two-party system. Also, it is altogether possible that since actively entering into politics, General Eisenhower has learned more about the meaning of the party system, and the necessity, at a certain level, of leaving antagonists *un*reconciled. In any case, General Eisenhower is not himself the sinister type who goes in for the accumulation of power working toward the day when, by coup d'état actual or metaphorical, he emerges the undisputed leader of all the people, removable by none.

The danger, then, lies not with Eisenhower, but with a number of his supporters, with a number of Americans.

In 1948, for example, Senator Claude Pepper arose in Convention Hall in Philadelphia, in a last desperate attempt to prevent the renomination of President Truman, who was considered a sure loser. Pepper proposed that General Eisenhower, who was then President of Columbia, be nominated by acclamation. Aware of the reservations of many politicians and commentators, who had persistently reminded Eisenhower boosters that after all no one knew what were the General's political opinions, Senator Pepper added that as a gesture of faith, the General ought to be nominated and then invited to write his own political platform.

Three weeks ago, Governor McKeldin of Maryland, speaking in Washington, told an audience that the Republican choice to succeed Eisenhower must be a man who supported Eisenhower in the 1952 preconvention contest and who supported him not merely because he thought the General would win, but because he approved of the General's program. Given the fact that General Eisenhower made *no* political pronouncements until late in June of 1952, when he made his debut at Abilene, Governor McKeldin is in effect insisting on a curious kind of loyalty oath for the next nominee, understandable only to such as Senator Pepper. He is demanding that the successor to President Eisenhower be someone who *as an article of faith* supported him as early as the spring of 1952. Someone, in a word, who divined the General's charisma. Such intuition is a rare gift, and an unusual political qualification.

Several weeks ago, Mr. Roscoe Drummond, in his column in the *New York Herald Tribune*, tested sentiment for the President's brother, Mr. Milton Eisenhower, who, Drummond suggested, was an obvious choice to succeed Dwight. Others have echoed the sentiment and there are today a number of persons who project for Milton an active political future, for so simple a reason as that his last name is Eisenhower.

And last week, Senator George D. Aiken went this far in urging the General to run again:

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"He is the one man the world now looks to as able to solve our international problems by peace." Reported the *New York Times*: "Senator Aiken added that the 'failure of the Geneva Conference' would increase [sic] the pressure on the President to run again"—an argument whose premises do rather a lot to illustrate the arrant lengths to which the General's admirers are prepared to go to apotheosize their man.

The point is this: there is abroad in the land a spirit of blind submission whose political expression is the attempt to Caesarize Dwight Eisenhower, with or without his cooperation. There seems to be a deep yearning in some quarters of America for a benevolent monarch or, *mutatis mutandis*, a reigning chairman-of-the-board. The flag and the Constitution have served through the years as non-controversial standards to which Americans of all political persuasions could repair. But it seems we want a symbol with flesh and blood on it.

So be it. If that is really what the country wants, let us create such an office. But only after stripping it of political power, leaving to it an exclusively ceremonial function. It's too late in the game to start back and have to live through Magna Cartas, revolutions bloody and Bloodless, and a dozen reform acts.

Or else kill off the sentiment. General Eisenhower is the only man who can do that. And he could do it with a scratch pad and a fountain pen, in five minutes— which is as long as it took George Washington to kill off, decisively and brusquely, the movement to proclaim him king in 1779.

Krismas

The lieutenants of the New York public school system are so ruddy terrorized by pressure groups of every kind that they respond to simple questions like eight-year-old schoolboys explaining away lateness in getting to school. They go on and on and on, not making very much sense, but making all the right noises. Call up an influential member of the Board and say something like, "I say, what is your policy on God?" and you can hear bells ringing and horns blowing; and then you get shunted from person to person, each more evasive than the last, but all of them dutiful in reminding you of the solemn responsibilities of everybody to everything, and of the democratic nature of democracy.

To be sure, almost anything can be believed of an educational organization which, three years ago, banned *Little Black Sambo* as generative of racial prejudice. Even then, it did not seem possible that it would go so far as to encourage the elimination of religious symbols from the celebration of Christmas; yet, incredibly, this appears to have happened, if one can believe reports, unsubstantiated but not denied. By unspoken agreement, an officer of the Board did tell us, such aggressive symbols of religious imperialism as the manger, lighted candles and the visitation of the Magi are banned. But Santa Claus is allowed, she said soothingly; also reindeer and stars. And, presumably, candy sticks and jingle bells.

The purpose: to increase interfaith understanding, which suffers when religion becomes "too intimately" connected with school life.

Really, one sometimes doubts the sincerity of those who urge the secularization of education on so many different grounds, so many of them counterfeit. First of all we must extirpate religion from the schools because to do otherwise is to violate the First Amendment. And then we must do it to promote racial and religious tolerance. Political attachments in schoolrooms are demonstrably more divisive than religious attachments. So shall we forbid the teaching of history, or political theory, or civics?

How refreshing was Mrs. McCollom, who provoked the indefensible Supreme Court decision in 1948, when she asked to secularize education because she believes in secularizing education, period. Religion is still a god-word, so most people cannot afford to be frankly anti-religion. Certainly not members of the New York Board of Education, whose acts and utterances reveal something of life in a perpetual trauma, which is the kind of life educational officers lead when education becomes centralized and politicalized.

The South Clears Its Throat

On his recent return from Europe, Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia strongly praised Governor Frank J. Lausche of Ohio. The South, he said, would back Mr. Lausche for the Democratic Presidential nomination. No one, least of all Mr. Russell, expected Mr. Lausche to answer. But Mr. Russell had brought about a situation in which, if Mr. Lausche were determined not to run, he was under obligation to say so. Since then, Mr. Lausche's every move has been watched attentively. When last week went by without his speaking, the Southern conservatives drew a long breath.

Mr. Russell is the South's chosen spokesman. That he should have endorsed Mr. Lausche without consulting other Southerners is impossible. The timing of his statement was also significant—ahead of Mr. Stevenson's announcement, and far enough ahead not to be aggressively discourteous.

A reasonable guess is that the Southern leaders have it in mind to be heard in the pre-convention maneuvering. Eight years ago, and again four years ago, they were cold-shouldered and flattened in Democratic conventions, and driven to the Dixiecrat Party and voting for Eisenhower.

The South, from its own strength, can muster some 200 convention votes. It cannot nominate a candidate of its own—he would probably be Mr. Russell him-

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self—but its votes are enough, in skilled hands, to give it great power. The Southerners have never lacked skill, but in earlier conventions they had a federal machine against them. The convention next year will be the first in a generation in which a majority of the delegates were not picked by a sitting Democratic President.

One effect of Mr. Russell's statement and Mr. Lausche's continuing silence ought not to be long in showing itself. Mr. Stevenson's managers have never claimed as many as 500 convention votes, and have hinted that the bulk of the Southern delegates were behind their man. If some 200 votes are to be subtracted from his total, he will unceremoniously be cut down to size—possibly to Senator Kefauver's size.

The Land of Might-Have-Been

In a stunning surprise, Adlai Stevenson on November 15 announced that he was not a candidate for the Presidency. The following is the statement that he handed to reporters:

"After many months of searching reflection, I have reached the conclusion that it is in the best interest of my party, my country and myself for me to withdraw from the 1956 Presidential race. I have been led to this conclusion by the following reasons:

"In the first place, I have come to feel that I am not the right kind of person to be President, above all in such a period of continuous crisis as the present. I am too subjective, too filled with doubts, even ultimate doubts, about man and history and my own duty, to be able to face with the necessary firm confidence the harrowing decisions that the Chief Executive must almost daily take. Although my knowledge and my intellectual training are above the norm of political leaders, I am in a certain sense—the sense in which we judge that George Washington had weight and depth—too superficial.

"Second, I have had my chance. The people had their opportunity to choose me, but they chose another. They have already declared that their opinion of me is as of second-best. My countrymen are entitled to a choice that will be new and fresh.

"Third, I am unwilling to accept the allies that gather around me, and, if I become a candidate, will form part of my political army, whatever disavowal I may make. I would be the candidate of a Popular Front stretching from the Communists through the Socialists and labor bosses to the traditional supporters of the Democratic Party. The history of the past twenty years proves that in such a Popular Front, the Communists and other Marxists make all the gains, while all the others lose.

"Fourth, my recent travels abroad have combined with reading and further meditation to convince me that the foreign policy of the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations was disastrous for the interests of our country. Even today we continue to bear the bitter consequences of Yalta, Potsdam and the policy of a Containment that cannot contain. As a candidate, I could not repudiate that course, nor, if I were elected, could I shake off the persons, in and out of government, who embody that policy.

"Fifth, I am not willing to make the renunciations of my own beliefs on domestic policy which the practical politicians tell me are essential to election. I do not really know whether to believe in the ideal of centralized Big Government and the welfare state, and yet the reigning leaders of the party machine insist that my electoral campaign would have to favor that ideal. I do not believe in the policy of high, fixed subsidies that is wrecking our agricultural economy, and I have stated my disbelief. Yet six weeks ago, yielding to the practical politicians, violating my own conscience, I declared for fixed parity at 90 per cent.

"In short, I no longer feel sure that I know what our country's policy should be, or that I ever knew. Looking back at my career, I see that I have been one to whom words came too easily. The flow of mellifluous words has been able to delight and sometimes hypnotize me and my immediate audience. But I had never, beneath the words, built a hard, lasting structure of thought and reason. Although the words of only a few other men have been more widely heard and printed, who can point to any new insight, any clear strategy, great idea, new conception, or profound insight that can rightly be linked with my name? In 1952, when through the mysterious workings of electoral mechanics I was selected as my party's candidate for the nation's highest office, there was not one man who could say of me: *this*, this is what he stands for.

"I expect to support loyally the candidate whom the convention chooses. But I shall hope that the delegates will nominate one more suited than I to represent the sounder popular sources of our party's strength and the firmer elements of its long tradition."

Well, that *would* have been news.

Acheson Redidivus

Watch for the review (adv't) of Mr. Dean Acheson's just-published book, *A Democrat Looks at His Party*, in the second issue after this. We hope you will find the reviewer an appropriate man for the job.

Meantime the book offers an answer to an important question—how long is the American people's memory? With the nomination of Mr. Adlai Stevenson in July 1952, it was the opinion of even Mr. Stevenson's ADA advisers that Mr. Acheson had best be kept out of sight, and he had no part in the campaign. Mr. Acheson's book suggests that he, at least, thinks the length of the American people's memory is exactly forty-one months. Conceivably he may be right; our guess is not.

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Unrestrained Invitation

Miss X. take a letter to Mr. Molotov:

DEAR VLACH:

We liked what you said in the cultural-exchange debate at Geneva. You said you were against letting "the various dregs of society conduct unrestrained subversive activity."

The fact is, Vlach, we could use a man like you—as head of a Department Subversives Appeal Board, or watchdogging the McCarran-Walters Act. And is it true you are having trouble with your present employment? We hear that the new group leadership in the USSR is not new, or group-like, as first reported, and you may be leaving.

We wish we could promise you an opening right away. But just now the call for people to restrain the dregs of American society is a little slack. Sometimes it seems as if there were hardly a high official in Washington without a favorite dreg. Wherever you look in Washington, you see a dreg here, a dreg there.

After next year's election, there may be a change. Hang onto the job you have, Vlach, and, if we hear of anything, we'll write. Yours admiringly,

THE EDITORS

Ortega y Gasset

But for a bulletin from Spain shortly before our first issue went to press, NATIONAL REVIEW would have promised early publication of an article entitled "The Revolt Against the Masses"—by the man whose name that title brings most readily to mind. We had asked Jose Ortega y Gasset for such an article for one of our opening numbers, and he had promised it. We were counting on it to help set the tone of our earliest approach to our readers. In Don Jose's death, therefore, the world has lost a great scholar, and NATIONAL REVIEW an irreplaceable collaborator.

Nothing could be more typical of our age than that Ortega should have waited until 1955 for an invitation (forthcoming, finally, from a journal of minority opinion) to set his mind to work once again on the problem isolated and brought into focus for the first time in his magisterial *Revolt of the Masses.*

The *Revolt* is one of those rare books in which a philosopher unerringly calls the tricks on a historical situation, says where it is going to move, at what pace, and for what reasons, and then announces his intention to settle back in his chair and watch it work itself out as he knows it must. Concretely, Ortega predicted the take-over of Western society by the type of man who today occupies the strategic positions in politics, in education, in the research foundations, and in publishing—the type of man who, in virtue of limitations to which Ortega directed his readers' attention, is speeding us along toward utter disaster. Ortega called him the *hombre masa,* the "mass man"; and the *Revolt* is for the most part an exploration of his peculiar characteristics: his confidence that he can come up with the truth on any problem, however difficult and however novel, by consulting his immediate store of facts and principles; his self-satisfaction and self-righteousness; his tendency to neglect the "select minorities," whose members by definition make demands upon themselves; his "hermetically sealed" mind; his dislike of the discussion process, the basic rule of which he violates every time he opens his mouth; and his instinctive preference for, and ultimate reliance upon, coercion and violence for the "solution" of all problems—the characteristics, in fine, of the typical spokesmen of contemporary Liberalism.

The mass men, as they fought their way up, paid Ortega off for identifying them, and exposing their pretensions and shortcomings. They denied him the reputation to which his achievements clearly entitled him. And they smothered the message of his book under an ever-mounting heap of misrepresentation, so that despite Ortega's express warning, it is widely known today as an attack on popular government, on the "masses" in the more usual, quantitative sense of the word, and thus as a defense of authoritarianism.

Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. Ortega's "mass man" is a qualitative term, and the place to look for him is not the farm or the factory, but the laboratory, the corporation lawyer's office, the dean's sanctum in the college of engineers—the habitat, wherever it be, of the specialist. He is J. Robert Oppenheimer, not Joe Palooka; George Kennan, not George Babbitt; V. Molotov, not Ivan Semenov.

Ortega did not always adopt positions with which this magazine would have agreed. Still and all, on the main issues, which are whether the specialist can manage a viable society, and whether we can hope for solutions to our major problems other than by drastically reforming our educational curriculum, his intellectual leadership was unerring. We mourn the passing of a great teacher.

In Other Words

A hotel manager reports that he does not deduct any social security or income taxes from the pay of his charwomen. They all have enough—just enough—children or other dependents to wipe out their taxable incomes. If appearance belies the probability of the lady's having so large a brood, her recorded age does not, proving that you never can tell a woman's age by her looks.

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The District of Columbia Court of Appeals decided that a union may use "harassing tactics" against an employer during contract negotiations, short of "destroying the employer." The tide is turning.

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Regional Politics

Sam M. Jones

Down South in Georgia

In gracious, urbane Savannah, in bustling metropolitan Atlanta, and "way down upon the Suwannee River," the Georgian political pot is simmering, ready to come to a quick boil. Neither Senator Walter George nor former Governor Herman Talmadge is officially a declared candidate for the Senate seat which George now holds, but even the humblest citizen knows that the battle is on. Herman Talmadge is making speeches hither and yon, to farmers, small businessmen, cattlemen, but ready and able to talk to any audience on its own terms. Senator George is confining his "campaigning" so far to luncheon clubs and to organizations that tend to revere the global viewpoint. No one underestimates Senator George. Even his most emphatic political enemies respect him. But—to put it bluntly—the Senator now belongs to Washington and to the wide, wide world. He is no longer a Georgian of Georgia.

To one who has had a traveler's and a reporter's acquaintance with the "Empire State of the South" for a quarter of a century, there is nothing illogical in the Georgia political picture. Georgia was, is, and probably will continue to be a conservative state. Georgia didn't bolt the Democratic ticket in '28 or '52, notwithstanding a deep and bitter resentment against the controlling element in national affairs. When President Roosevelt tried to purge Senator George for opposing the Supreme-Court-packing plan in 1938, the state rallied to "its own," rejecting the advice of the gilded interloper.

The Liberal "Smooch"

Georgians believe in states' rights and local autonomy. This may be depressing news to Liberals who have labored to glamorize Senator George as a global statesman. By publicizing him as the spokesman for the Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy and as an internationalist to be compared favorably with Dean Acheson, they have given George the kiss of death.

It is fashionable in Liberal circles to deprecate Herman Talmadge and to picture him as a wild-eyed demagogue, a worthy offspring of "Old 'Gene," who had the audacity to make heretical assaults on the Roosevelt myth at the height of the New Deal's popularity. The character and attainments of 'Gene Talmadge offer an inviting discursion, but his record of successful elections provides sufficient evidence of political sagacity. To the Liberal mind, of course, this is ground for condemnation of the Georgia electorate. Liberals speak derisively of "Georgia crackers" and the "wool hat boys" and imply that these barbarians were—and are—the source and extent of support for 'Gene and Herman. They point to the county unit system of primary elections as the sinister source of Talmadge power, past and present.

Under this system, big city counties like Fulton County, which contains Atlanta, have six unit votes. The popular majority decides the disposition of the unit. Counties of smaller population have four unit votes; rural counties have two each. A candidate, therefore, may carry the big city counties and a majority of the secondary counties and still lose the election although polling the greater percentage of the popular vote.

There are 159 counties. The balance of power rests with the one-hundred-odd farm and "piney-woods" counties. Today these are Talmadge strongholds almost without exception, even as they were during the reign of "Old 'Gene" of the red galluses. 'Gene derived his basic strength from these two-unit-vote counties, but in 1934 and 1940 he was elected Governor by state-wide popular majorities. In 1946 he was again elected—by a popular plurality—but died at the beginning of the term.

'Gene was a lawyer as well as a farmer, and his son qualifies in both vocations. Herman has a distinguished war record; he speaks easily and forcefully without scripts or notes. His good record as Governor—1950-54—is not forgotten, and he maintains first-name contacts with thousands of Georgians. Obviously he is a man of unusual ability. Those who would picture him as something out of the Okefinokee swamp have never met him or even seen him on TV. Herman will be just as much at home at a Washington soiree as he was at the barbecue in Donaldsonville, where I first met him, down near the Alabama-Florida line. His eyes have the impact of gun-barrels, but they are not unfriendly; simply searching. He is neither a Patrick Henry nor a Huey Long, but he is a man of national potential.

I have covered politics for a long time and I have known many of the political stars of the first magnitude. I believe Talmadge—despite his apparent faults—is going places. This is, of course, a matter of opinion, but my betting conviction is that he is at least 8-to-5 to defeat Senator George; and this is based on concrete information obtained in more than sixty significant counties. (Any takers?)

Hail and Farewell

Talking to professional politicians—judges, county attorneys, sheriffs, county chairmen, precinct workers—as well as the man in the street, it adds up this way: "Senator George is a fine gentleman. . . . He should retire now"; "The Senator has been away too long"; "He is speaking for the Eisenhower Administration, not the State of Georgia"; "The Senator voted *against* farm parity but he voted *for* the Republican foreign-aid giveaway program" (and all the Democratic global giveaways); "The Senator voted *against* the $200 tax relief proposal offered by a Democratic member of Congress, but he voted *for* the bill to increase congressional salaries (including his own) by $10,000 a year"; "If Senator George runs, Herman will eat him alive, and the barbecue sauce will be the Senator's own record"; "India gets free wheat from this country—Pakistan gets silos built with U.S. money—but there is no charity at home"; "It's all very well for Senator George to let himself be used by the international bankers and the Eisenhower State Department, but it makes him a sitting duck for Talmadge."

The Democratic State Central Committee—with a predominant Talmadge membership—will set the date for the primary, probably in the spring. The primary election is conclusive.

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Presidential "Inability"

An outstanding authority on the Constitution, Professor Edwin S. Corwin, holds that Congress should exercise its constitutional power to designate "a satisfactory tribunal for determining the fact of [Presidential] inability."

On September 23, the American people had a great fright. President Eisenhower was ill, and for hours and days no one knew how seriously. Many persons feared for their jobs and property; the stock market had a 31.89-point drop. In Europe and Asia, nations wondered about their fate.

With Mr. Eisenhower's secure and rapid recovery, this foreboding has lifted. But the problem—the "inability" of a President under the Constitution—remains in all its refractoriness. It is one a prudent country will wish to grapple with, and solve.

NATIONAL REVIEW *hopes to aid in finding a solution. To that end it has addressed seven questions to Mr. Edwin S. Corwin, former McCormick Professor of Jurisprudence at Princeton. In subsequent issues, it proposes to print other authoritative answers.*

Article II, Section I, Paragraph 6 of the Constitution reads:

> In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice President, declaring what officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

The Questions and Answers

Q. *If the President is unable to discharge the duties of his office because of military developments, such as his capture by the enemy, or the isolation of the area in which he happens to be, or because of illness, how are the executive duties to be exercised?*

A. By the Vice President; in the absence of a Vice President, by the first available person under the Succession Act of 1947.

Q. *Do you interpret the Constitution to mean that, in the event of the President's inability, the Vice President should discharge the powers and duties of the Executive temporarily, and the President resume them if the inability is removed prior to the expiration of the term for which the President had been elected? If, in your opinion, the Constitution does not provide for such temporary exercise of power by the Vice President, ought it to do so?*

A. On account of the fact that hitherto all Vice Presidents have succeeded to "the powers and duties" of the Presidency in consequence of the death of the President, they have also succeeded to the office itself. "Office is a public station . . . The term embraces the idea of tenure, duration, emolument and duties." *United States vs Hartwell,* 6 Wall 385, 393 (1868). Succession on account of the temporary "inability" of the President would not, necessarily, signify succession to the office itself; it could therefore terminate with the "inability" which brought it about, and to my mind ought to.

Q. *How, under constitutional tradition and the present laws, is such an inability to be determined?*

A. "Inability" has never been found officially to exist. Although it undoubtedly did exist in the case of Garfield, and to a less extent in the case of Wilson for a time, the fact was officially ignored; and the same remark is probably applicable in the case of the second Roosevelt following his fourth election as President. In short, no method exists today for the determination whether or not a President is unable to discharge "the powers and duties" of the office.

Q. *Would you endorse an effort by Congress to arrive at a method for legally determining what constitutes Presidential inability?*

A. I doubt the power of Congress to determine such a matter. If the President is, in fact, unable to discharge "the powers and duties" of the office, it is the constitutional duty of the Vice President to take over said powers and duties. What Congress may and should do is to provide a satisfactory tribunal for determining the fact of inability in any particular case. This it can do by designating some official body, like the Cabinet, or the National Security Council, or the persons named in the Succession Act of 1947, acting if Congress so desires with certain other persons, like the Chief Justice, *et al,* to inquire carefully into the matter and report its findings of fact. If "inability" is found to exist, then the Vice President's duty under the Constitution is clear.

Q. *Would it be proper and in keeping with the Constitution for the President, the event permitting, himself to declare his inability to discharge the duties of the executive office, and specify the period during which the executive powers and duties should be exercised by the Vice President?*

A. It seems to me that a President might properly declare himself unable further to discharge "the powers and duties" of the office, with the result that the Vice President would thereupon become constitutionally obliged to take over the same. As to the President stipulating in such a case for his return to office at the end of a specified period—this is a quite different matter.

If, in fact, the "inability" which caused the President to surrender "the powers and duties" of the office ceased, then upon this fact being duly found, the President could under the reasoning developed in my answer to the second question, recapture the office.

Q. *If the President finds it impossible or inadvisable to pass on the question of his ability to discharge the powers and duties of the executive office, what objective criteria ought to be applied*

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in determining whether he is able?
A. Such criteria as the body vested with the power to determine whether "inability" exists, finds to be relevant. It should be remarked that the power of Congress in connection with a "factual" matter of this sort is under the "necessary and proper" Clause very broad, as is illustrated by its legislation creating the Electoral Commission in February 1877.

Q. *Under what conditions do you deem it proper and constitutional that, in the event of the de facto inability of the President to discharge the duties of the executive office, these should be exercised by officers or individuals without explicit constitutional status—e.g., Cabinet members, administrative assistants, personal associates, etc.?*
A. The Constitution is perfectly clear in making it the duty of the Vice President to take over "the powers and duties" of the Presidency whenever the incumbent President becomes unable to discharge them. But the Vice President is entitled to be duly informed of the fact. At present no formal machinery exists whose duty it is to inform him. It is, therefore, up to him to devise such methods as he can, which will protect him from any imputation of improper ambition or rashness.

Lest We Remember!

EUGENE LYONS

An authority on Soviet outrages proposes a plan to make Kremlin bigwigs popular as guests of the U.S.

A plaintive note ran through a Washington dispatch in the *New York Herald Tribune* on August 7, soon after the historic meeting at the summit in Geneva. Messrs. Khrushchev, Bulganin and other Moscow braves, who were going to London to visit the Queen, had indicated their willingness to come to the American capital as well. But alas! they were not invited.

President Eisenhower, said the dispatch, had been advised that the political climate "is not right in the United States for any public appearance of Soviet chiefs. . . . Grave incidents might mar any such pilgrimage, and erase the progress achieved at Geneva." In particular, there would be the danger of "eruptions from exile and refugee groups, *who find it difficult to forget* the past of the Soviet regime." (Emphasis added.)

What is one to do with such stubborn foreigners, who appear to be immune to that healing touch of amnesia which made all statesmen kin at the dizzy summit? And then the muzzling of "exile and refugee groups" would not solve the problem. There are, unhappily, millions of unregenerate Americans, who also "find it difficult to forget." And that, of course, is serious. Especially on the eve of a Presidential election. Wholesale enlightenment is needed.

"The American people," wrote Neal Stanford in the *Christian Science Monitor:*

> . . . have to be reeducated as to the propriety and purpose in having top Communists drop in to the White House. The American Congress, for one thing, has to do a lot of readjusting of its views about Communist leaders before they can get the welcome that goes with state visits. Congressmen have been educated to look on them as scoundrels and even criminals—and to invite them into the parlor, as it were, to put them up at the White House and ask them to address Congress, to have them laying wreaths at Mount Vernon and Arlington, requires a major readjustment of national views.

Well, has anything in this world really splendid and inspiring ever been attained without labor and sacrifice?

America is a land of enterprise. We shall not succumb to defeatism now. Where there's a will there's a way. Already thousands of us—diplomats and Senators, clergymen and businessmen, editors and simple citizens—have demonstrated a talent for expunging the memories of Soviet "sins" and "crimes" made irrelevant by Geneva. A country-wide amnesia is at least a possibility.

We did it during the Second World War and we can do it again. We need only dedicate ourselves to the goal—beat down, and if necessary chloroform our Victorian consciences. However, the stakes are too high to leave anything to chance. As practical men, we must give ourselves the best chance of success by organizing and systematizing the job. It is in this spirit that the writer ventures to make a modest proposal.

We all know, from the advertising pages, that there are in this fertile land various courses and institutes for training the memory. Why not apply their techniques—in reverse—to train our people in the more difficult arts of forgetting? Why not launch, without delay, a nation-wide and perhaps global network of Institutes of Forgetting?

Scientific Forgetting

The curriculum, consisting of the things we aim to forget, is obvious. It will focus on hundreds of books about Soviet mischief, on official notes of protest over Kremlin impetuosity, on the close-up testimony of tens of thousands of self-exiled Soviet subjects, many of them former inmates of correction centers.

Space does not permit us here to inventory the myriad big and little things that must be efficiently forgotten. They range from thoughtless insults and humiliations to unavoidable accidents, to mass mistaken identity in the Katyn Forest; from the nuisances imposed by shortages inside the Soviet empire to uncontrolled exuberance on the part of Communists in the rest of the world.

Most of the items, because they involve the inconveniences of others, will yield to treatment fairly easily. A more difficult problem will be represented by items which may have left traumata on our own bodies and souls, such as

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the aggression in Korea, the shooting down of American aircraft, the ordeal of Americans in Red captivity, violations of solemn Soviet pledges and treaties, spy operations deep in our own government, to cite a few at random.

But none of them is beyond the compass of scientific forgetting, if we bring both industry and zeal to the undertaking. The way thousands of presumably normal Americans in the Midwest recently turned out, jubilantly, to greet Soviet officials and secret-police operatives disguised as farmers is an encouraging token of ultimate success. So is the readiness of our hard-headed businessmen to try for a fast ruble by trading with the enemy. So is the general disposition of the press, politicians, and pundits to ignore the consequences of former periods of Soviet affability—in the thirties, for instance.

Happily, too, the Republican Administration seems well equipped psychologically to take the lead in the great project of reeducation and readjustment. Its election platform in 1952 spoke of entire nations overrun "by despots who consider murder, terror, slavery, concentration camps and the brutal denial of human rights as legitimate means of their desired ends." It promised to stop "the negative and immoral policy of 'containment' which abandons countless human beings to despotism and Godless terrorism, which in turn enables the rulers to forge the captives into a weapon for our own destruction." In one of his first speeches as Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles exclaimed, "To all those suffering under Communist slavery, to the timid and intimidated of the world, let us say this: 'You can count on us!'"

The ability to forget such stirring rhetoric so quickly helps build confidence in the government's leadership in carrying out our project. Nor should there be any dearth of first-rate forgetters in this area to man the faculties of the proposed institutes. Clearly Senators George M. Malone and Allen T. Ellender qualify on the record of their statements after brief visits to Russia.

Mr. Malone, on the ninth day of his investigation, found it possible to announce that there was no "evidence" of popular rebellion in Khrushchev's kingdom. In this, of course, he displayed his ability to forget the fifteen millions in Soviet slave-labor camps, the fact that the regime is obliged to maintain history's largest apparatus of internal espionage and terror, the fact that the Kremlin itself is in a chronic jitter over "the enemies within." Indeed, the Senator qualifies.

Mr. Ellender may need some coaching. As reported from Moscow by the *New York Times*, "he said he was, of course, not convinced that 'the form of government they have is quite right.'" That edge of fuzziness is disturbing, but no doubt he can overcome it.

Adept at Simplification

The writer would recommend one Clarence E. Pickett of Philadelphia, a leading Quaker. Upon returning recently from a Soviet tour, Mr. Pickett addressed a church congregation in Georgia. Among other things he was asked about the opening of virgin lands in Soviet Kazakstan to cultivation. The hordes of young men and women doing the job, though officially called "volunteers," in fact were mobilized by force and threat. But Mr. Pickett simplified matters by explaining that the effort was "like our own Homestead Act." Clearly he qualifies for our faculty.

Most of those U.S. farm experts who also inspected Soviet agriculture can contribute a lot. The leader of the group, Dr. W. V. Lambert, said one mouthful when he got back that impressed us in particular. In a press article, he was discussing grim aspects of farm life in the Ukraine. "All in all," he concluded, "it's a pretty hard life by our standards, though I am sure many of our pioneers encountered similar problems."

Since the Ukraine has been under cultivation for only a few thousand years, turning it into a "pioneering" area to put a better face on things Soviet is quite a trick. Certainly the professor belongs, if the University of Nebraska can spare his insights for a while.

If we run short of leadership at home, we should not let false pride deter us from importing gifted forgetters from overseas. With this in mind, the writer has been keeping an eye out for likely candidates. A few examples:

The *Contemporary Review* is a respected London journal, solid in its Victorian format. In a recent issue one E. L. Deal gave his detailed "Impressions of Moscow." The impression that riveted our attention was to the effect that the Soviet "one-party state is a result of a decision which the people themselves made quite deliberately in 1917 and the years following the Revolution." Though we do not know Mr. Deal, that one prodigious observation should guarantee him a place in our educational scheme.

A gentleman named Joyce Egginton has proved himself no less proficient. In a book on his recent excursion to the Soviet police-state he writes: "They're Russian and we're British and our governments are poles apart, but each is formed of the historical pattern of its nation and each is *the will of the people.*"

But let's not labor the point. Suffice it that the need is urgent, the subject matter of the courses is readily formulated, first-rate teachers are available—every issue of the New York or London *Nation* will give us new leads. There is no excuse for delay in acting upon our modest proposal.

It took years, and a lot of blood, to create an accurate image of the Soviet regime and world communism in the American mind. The labors of droves of dedicated anti-Communists went into the task, as well as Congressional exposures of the Red conspiracy, heavy casualties in Korea, the piled-up frustrations of the cold-war years. That image cannot be washed out in a day or a week. But there is no room for discouragement. The job of forgetting, already well started, can and must be carried to completion. Tito in 1956. Gottwald and Togliatti in 1957. In 1958, Khrushchev and Bulganin (unless, of course, they defect, or are exiled, in which case, quite properly, the McCarran Act would keep them out). And by 1959 we shall be able to watch, with swelling emotions, Mao Tse-tung laying a wreath on our memorial to the Great Emancipator.

Last Week's Puzzle

Here is the solution to "The Darzi Gang." An ordinary substitution code was used, keyed by writing down the key word followed by the remainder of the alphabet in natural order, in two lines of thirteen letters each. The key word is "Scheinmalt," and the key is therefore:

SCHEINMALTBDF
GJKOPQRUVWXYZ

And the message is: All meet ten Thursday night ninety-four Paddington Grove.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Republican leaders are, privately, extremely concerned by the off-year election returns. What worries them most is the Democratic sweep in Indiana's mayoralty contests. To be sure, Philadelphia's overwhelming rejection of W. Thacher Longstreth, who had sported an ostentatious endorsement by President Eisenhower, was a major disappointment, but hardly evidence of a "trend," Republicans tell themselves, since Philadelphia normally goes Democratic. The Indiana results are not so easy to shrug off, for they indicate strong anti-Republican sentiment in the agricultural heartland which the GOP must continue to dominate in order to win in 1956.

For public consumption, organization leaders are saying that the Indiana contests were decided on local issues. But their professional view is that elections fought on local issues will normally average out, and thus not produce a marked state-wide shift in the party balance. Here there was a shift of sizeable proportions: mayoralties held by Democrats increased from 30 to 73, giving them a preponderance not even approximated at the height of FDR's popularity.

GOP dopesters are therefore convinced that something else was involved — specifically, slumping farm prices. For some time, farm state organization men have contended that the GOP cannot win a national election unless ideologues in the party abandon their attempts to make farm prices reflect the demands of the free market. The Indiana returns make refutation of the argument difficult. Republicans thus face a clear choice between principle and political survival.

Along with more vociferous demands for Secretary Benson's scalp, look for attempts by midwestern Republican legislators to include fixed price support provisions in a new Administration farm bill that now seems inevitable for the next session.

Anti-United Nations sentiment in this country was given a strong fillip by the recommendation of the General Assembly's Special Political Committee that the UN continue its investigation of the Union of South Africa's racial policies. The South African delegation dramatized the issue by pulling out of the UN, accusing the Committee of a "flagrant transgression" of Article 2(7) of the Charter. This section flatly prohibits UN intervention in matters "essentially within the domestic jurisdiction" of a member nation.

The UN Committee's action thus handed a formidable talking point to U.S. "Constitutionalists," who have long questioned whether there is anything to prevent foreign nations from superintending our internal affairs.

In 1946 the Asian-Arab bloc at the UN, supported by the Communist and some Latin American delegations, began agitating for UN action against South Africa's *apartheid* policy (translatable, roughly, as "separate development of the races"). A UN investigating commission was appointed in 1952. The South Africans stood resolutely on the jurisdictional issue, refusing to cooperate with the UN Commission. With equal determination, the Asian-Arab bloc went on introducing anti-*apartheid* resolutions. The latest of these reprimands South Africa for not living up to its Charter "obligations" and not cooperating with the UN investigating commission — and calls for a continuation of the inquiry. Its passage by a 33-7 vote prompted the South African walk-out and a blistering statement that the UN action was something "no self-respecting sovereign state can tolerate."

What really disturbs U.S. Constitutionalists is that the American delegation—on a clear test of whether Article 2 (7) contains any meaningful safeguards against UN aggressions—quietly abstained from voting. As Constitutionalists see it, South Africa was eminently right in insisting that the merits of *apartheid* were beside the point. The issue was jurisdictional, and, they say, the U.S. delegation acquiesced in a flagrant trespass.

UN intervention in South Africa's internal affairs is now a clear precedent for UN involvement in, say, U.S. segregation or "civil liberties" questions. Moreover, the very argument that was used to justify UN interference in South Africa—namely that its racial policies are of "international concern"—can be applied to any U.S. "problem" over which Communist propaganda has whipped up a synthetic "international concern."

Pro-UN publicists traditionally cite Article 2 (7) to squelch claims that the UN may "evolve" into a world government with power to run our domestic affairs. But Constitutionalists have been wary.

For one thing, there is Article 55 which authorizes the UN to "promote" higher standards of living, full employment, observance of human rights, etc., and whose relation to Article 2 (7) is, to say the least, ambiguous. For another, the Charter makes no attempt to distinguish "domestic" from "foreign" matters. Most important is the increasingly prevalent view that once a "problem" has been taken under consideration by the UN, it becomes, *ipso facto*, an "international problem."

This startling doctrine was described in an article appearing in the *American Bar Association Journal* for April 1949: ". . . once a matter has become, in one way or another, the subject of regulation by the United Nations, be it by resolution of the General Assembly or by convention between member States . . . such a position represents the official view of the United Nations, as well as of the member States that have voted in favor of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights [this includes the U.S.]"

No need for alarm? The doctrine of jurisdiction by usurpation is not only the "official view" in UN circles; a majority of the delegations felt sufficiently sure of their ground on the South Africa issue to implement the doctrine in a recorded vote.

The South African explosion is, in a sense, a windfall for Constitutionalists. It will be easier now to enlist support for a Bricker - type constitutional amendment that would frustrate UN attempts, via "treaty law," to interfere in our domestic affairs. At the same time, conservatives will be less interested in restrictive UN Charter amendments. The South Africa vote is cogent evidence that a willful UN majority can, and will, run roughshod over Charter limitations, no matter how specific.

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The Atomic Disarmament Trap

Our foreign policy, says an expert on atomic politics, is based on the premise that the USSR will continue to reject international control of atomic energy. But Moscow may disarm us by accepting—and keeping faith

MEDFORD EVANS

In the duel for world leadership the Soviet Union is the challenger, the United States of America the challenged. Under the traditional code we should have the choice of weapons. But the code does not apply; the choice of weapons is itself a thrust in the duel. Soviet officials clamor against atomic weapons as logically as a boxer objects to a pistol. "Throw it away," the boxer tells the marksman, "and fight like a man." But if the marksman is no boxer, be wary in discussing this proposal.

In 1954, General Frederick Osborn, U.S. Representative to the UN Atomic Energy Commission, stated to the Gray Board, inquiring into the security clearance of J. Robert Oppenheimer:

> Dr. Oppenheimer came on to tell me that . . . what he was afraid of was that if we continued these negotiations we would make some compromise which without our fully realizing it would put us in the position of having accepted an agreement for the control of atomic energy, possibly with prohibition of bombs, without in reality the Russians having lifted the Iron Curtain. . . . So he was for discontinuing the negotiations.

No matter how startling it may be to hear such sentiments attributed to Robert Oppenheimer, it is clear that Frederick Osborn's memory was not in error in this testimony, for Lloyd K. Garrison had already read into the record some remarks Dr. Oppenheimer had made to the National War College in 1947:

> *The cooperative development of atomic energy involves a kind of schizophrenia which can only lead to very bad political confusion.* [My emphasis]

"I even think," continued Dr. Oppenheimer in 1947, "the worry that one oftens hears discussed in unofficial, and sometimes official, circles—'What would happen if the Russians suddenly reversed their stand, embraced our proposals, and started to work to put them in effect?'—that is an empty worry."

How stimulating to learn now that there was worry, empty or otherwise, in official circles in 1947 as to whether the Russians might not take us at our word and accept our proposals for the international control of atomic energy!

This was not supposed to be known. "I tried to explain to [my colleagues]," said Dr. Oppenheimer at the hearing, "that the jig was up, because that was relevant to getting back to work. At the same time I could not . . . say, 'This is a hopeless thing' . . . until the government itself had said so."

Moscow Might Keep Faith

It is November 1955, and the government has not yet said so. And by now that worry about Moscow accepting our proposals is not so empty. "My immediate reaction," said James J. Wadsworth, speaking for the United States concerning the Soviet proposals of last May 10, "is that ideas which have been advocated by Western powers as long ago as 1947 are at last being seriously considered by the Soviet Union." (*What would happen if the Russians . . . embraced our proposals . . .?*)

Ambassador Wadsworth put a brave face on the matter as he added, "Clearly, our patience and persistence is paying off at some points." But you can almost hear him gulp.

Soviet rejection of our proposals for the international control of atomic energy has for a decade been the cornerstone of our defense policy. To insure continued rejection we have insisted on strict "safeguards" which there was reason to believe would produce doubts and inhibitions in Moscow. Always hazardous, now visibly frayed, this device is still our only recourse, except the obvious, sensible, and apparently unthinkable decision to break off negotiations.

The Soviet proposals of May 10, says Ambassador Wadsworth, "still appear to fall short of the minimum safety requirements." But the actual point is: what do we do if the Soviet Union accepts the most elaborate and dramatic "safety requirements," such as the plan for mutual aerial inspection? What do we do if the Soviet Union calls our bluff?

We should not, as our exaggerated emphasis on safeguards seems to do, automatically suppose that Soviet officials merely intend to evade the prohibition of atomic weapons on which they insist. It is not at all a foregone conclusion that even while they negotiate atomic disarmament they are planning the secret manufacture of nuclear devices for the Red Army. We must not hastily assume that this is ordinary duplicity.

Actually, it is quite plausible that if the United States and the Soviet Union sign a convention outlawing atomic weapons, the convention will be observed by the Soviet Union as well as by the United States.

Why not?

The United States has more atomic weapons than the Soviet Union has, and depends on such weapons more than the Soviet Union does. Thus, the subtraction of atomic weapons from both sides is to the relative military advantage of the Soviet Union.

To apply such an obviously correct principle will not be a secondary aim of Soviet operational planning; it is integral with the security of the bastion of the proletariat, of socialism's One Country. Atomic weapons (including hydrogen bombs) are the most powerful weapons in existence,

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and the American supply is overwhelming. Therefore there is no more important Soviet military objective than a ban on atomic weapons.

If the Communists can achieve such elimination only—or most readily—by faithful adherence to a convention, they will for once be faithful. We cannot rely on the Communists even to be dishonest. To allow for the possibility that they would in this matter keep their word in order to hold us to ours is only the counsel of prudence. If the fox suggests to the sheep that they both abstain from grazing, he is not simply insincere.

That is putting the best face on the situation, and it is still bad. If we were deceived it would be worse. We ought to get out of a game where we will be lucky to lose heavily, and where if unlucky we will lose everything. And we ought to reflect that operational safeguards are not the answer for a man on the wrong train.

How We May Be Disarmed

The United States needs atomic weapons and should not regard their retention as in any way moot. General Gruenther said in London last May that the West cannot accept an atomic ban "because it is our only chance of equalizing the present disparity in conventional power." Again, in New York, he said that the military position of the Atlantic alliance depends on 1) a West German contribution, and 2) atomic weapons. Noting that the Soviet Union is, logically enough, trying to cancel out both these factors, Gruenther said that the one thing "which gives us the power to balance this equation it would be folly for us to throw away."

Such is the judgment of what the *Washington Post* once called "perhaps the most incisive mind in the military establishment."

Secretary of the Army Brucker has stated publicly that atomic warheads are being integrated into every kind of weapon. His frank responses on the "Meet the Press" TV program, September 25 last, were wholly consistent with the wording of an INS feature story released from Washington the same week, detailing "an assumption that atomic explosive is sufficiently plentiful for use in everything from medium artillery to the cores of hydrogen super bombs, against targets ranging from a command post to the largest of cities."

If, then, atomic weapons are prohibited, we shall be disarmed rather thoroughly. Incidentally, the current Soviet proposals (those of May 10) provide that in 1957 "the production of atomic and hydrogen weapons shall be stopped immediately, *and national budget appropriations for military needs shall be cut correspondingly.*" (Emphasis supplied.) So money could not be appropriated for substitute weapons. You have to admire a try like that.

But if the military defense of the United States is a serious subject, we ought not to admit to the agenda of international conferences in which we participate, proposals which involve, or whose sponsors evidently contemplate, the prohibition of atomic weapons.

For their part, the Soviet leaders are apparently not relying upon the use of atomic weapons to advance their ambitions. To be sure they say this themselves, but we must remember that they do not scruple to tell the truth if it serves their purposes. Raymond L. Garthoff's impressive *Soviet Military Doctrine* shows that they are skeptical of the unique weapon, of strategic bombing, and of the blitzkrieg. Oddly enough, practically all our public conjectures as to the kind of offensive against which we should be prepared envision an atomic air blitz. Shall we be bravely and electronically watching the polar skies while the cadres neutralize Omaha and Albuquerque?

The Soviets call German blitzkrieg methods "adventurist," and the outcome of World War Two suggests to them that they are right in avoiding such methods. At the same time they stress "the principle of offensive action." The synthesis of these two contradictory attitudes yields the now familiar Communist pattern. In Garthoff's summary: "The Soviet army is generally offensively employed only in situations in which other methods of lesser risk are not considered feasible. . . . Very wide use is made of supplementary forms of struggle, such as subversion, sabotage, colonial rebellion, and satellite aggression; these are not dependent on a formal state of war or total involvement nor on the risks inherent in total war."

A nation which is atomically inferior, which has doctrinaire objections to the blitzkrieg, and which has had unparalleled success with Trojan-horse, stab-in-the-back, and privileged-sanctuary methods of offensive action is not likely to abandon these in favor of a massive atomic air assault against the United States, whose retaliatory capacity is enormous and whose most conspicuous weakness is the lack of just the unanimity and morale which that kind of assault would evoke. The Soviet Union, it may be inferred, does not intend to use atomic weapons against us in a "conventional" way because that would be to play our game, and we would probably win.

Bombs to Bargain With

But though under this hypothesis Soviet Russia does not need atomic weapons for a massive assault on the United States, because it does not seriously plan to make any such assault, yet it needs atomic weapons, and it needs them very badly. It needs them for what may be called *strategic sabotage,* a possibility that challenges not so much our Strategic Air Command (which in fact would find it awkward to respond to this kind of challenge) as our system of internal security.

Most obviously, the Soviet leaders need atomic bombs to bargain with us.

The only tough argument for American consent to an atom ban depends on the assumption that the U.S. and the USSR may indeed, in Dr. Oppenheimer's vivid phrase, "be likened to two scorpions in a bottle, each capable of killing the other, but only at the risk of his own life."

If this is the case, would it not be wise to abolish the bomb? No one duels with hand grenades in a phone booth. To assume that each of two powers has the ability to destroy the other means that the two are in effect equal, no matter which has the numerically superior stockpile. Under such an assumption, the elimination of the bomb, being a subtraction of equals from the two sides, would not relatively weaken the United States.

This is a logical argument. It directly contradicts the equally logical argument of General Gruenther. The issue is one of fact. Gruenther assumes that atomic weapons on the two sides are significantly unequal, and that the lesser antagonist (the Soviet

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Union) does not have the power of annihilation. The two-scorpions argument, in contrast, depends on the assumption that the Soviet Union has the ability to destroy us with atomic and hydrogen bombs no matter what we do, even if we simultaneously destroy the Soviet Union.

If that is the actual situation, the deducible consequences are the same in Moscow as they are in Washington. So the only argument of enough weight to influence the United States applies with equivalent force to the Soviet Union. If this is the argument which the facts support, then the two antagonists have equal interest in outlawing the bomb. But if the facts do not support this argument, if the facts are as General Gruenther assumes, then the interest of the United States requires that the bomb should not be outlawed, while the Soviet interest in outlawing it is redoubled.

It should be observed that, if the two great powers have each the ability to destroy the other, then the Soviet Union knows it and the United States does not know it. Both know—everyone knows — that the United States has very great atomic capability; but only the Soviet Union knows whether the Soviet Union has anything comparable.

It is, then, to the interest of the Soviet Union, and it is the responsibility of the Soviet Union, to demonstrate beyond doubt or conjecture that they have atomic and hydrogen bombs, if they have them. If they do not have them, or if their stockpile is meager, then they are under no responsibility to let us know that fact; but they must be poignantly concerned to persuade us to believe that they have a formidable array.

Our Cue is Skepticism

If they have the bomb, they should want us to know they have it; if they do not have it, they certainly want us to think they have it. Our cue is curiosity, assiduous and skeptical. We should view with suspicion evidence short of the conclusive, but we must not blink at what is conclusive.

A Pyrrhonic skeptic could doubt that the United States has the atomic bomb. After all, under the greatest provocation in Korea we did not use it. But a reasonable man (as the courts and reasonable men use the term) will not doubt that the United States has the bomb. There have been too many witnesses at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and at Trinity, Bikini, Eniwetok, and Yucca Flats.

Over and above our wartime use of the bomb, the American testing program has been extensive and to a degree public. It has had world-wide observation and documentation. The Soviet tests have been few and furtive in comparison. General knowledge of them depends upon secret military intelligence, and upon classified circumstantial evidence interpreted by a small group of technical experts.

Concerning this evidence, it is Oppenheimer who, in his 1953 *Foreign Affairs* article, said: "We do need one word of warning: this is evidence which could well be evidence of what the Government of the USSR wants us to think rather than evidence of what is true."

An October interpretation by Walter Lippmann of the July Geneva Conference suggests both, why the USSR would have furnished us with such evidence, and their success in getting us to accept it. The one result of Geneva, says Mr. Lippmann, is an agreement between the great powers that atomic war is impossible, because there is an atomic stalemate. Such an interpretation means that the Soviet Union has achieved a stalemate in the atomic arms race without evidence of having actually produced any substantial quantity of atomic arms, except evidence which the most famous of the atomic scientists warns us is ambiguous.

The seventh official announcement of some kind of Soviet atomic demonstration was made by AEC this September, just six years after the first announcement by President Truman in 1949. Two questions have arisen: 1) why the relative infrequency of tests (the U.S. has exploded about sixty atomic devices); and 2) why any test while the "spirit of Geneva" was still debutante?

The answer to the first question may well be: thrift. The answer to the second is almost surely that they did not want us to come back to Geneva in October with any more skepticism about their atomic accomplishments than was absolutely unavoidable.

Actually, much skepticism is quite unavoidable. The Soviet Union has never made a habit of using the Iron Curtain to conceal accomplishments. When they build a new bomber they fly it over Moscow in such a way that foreign visitors and diplomats cannot but see it. When they construct a subway or a skyscraper, when they produce automobiles or television sets, they distribute photographs in sufficient numbers and variety to make it pretty clear that these things really exist. The Soviet Union has always been touchy about its industrial and technological progress, and has done everything it could not only to make some progress, but to cause the world to believe that it has made some. The Iron Curtain has been used, in addition to its other uses, to conceal not technological and industrial accomplishments, but technological and industrial deficiencies.

Consider the natural Soviet reaction to Harry Truman's heretical declaration in January 1953 that he doubted whether the Soviets had a workable A-bomb. Think with what alacrity they would, if they could, have refuted him! And they could have refuted him with suitably public tests.

Instead, they have clamored for the outlawing of tests. Obviously, they want tests outlawed 1) to stop U.S. tests, which enhance U.S. prestige, and 2) to provide some reason, other than incapacity, for the poverty of their own testing program.

The United States ought not to consider abolishing atomic weapons *on the ground that this is the way to eliminate the Soviet Union's stockpile* until there is some objective evidence that the Soviet Union *has* a stockpile. The ambiguous evidence before us now is wholly inadequate for the kind of assurance that the United States would need in order to equalize the approach to the atomic bargaining table, which is the only way it would make sense for the United States to approach the bargaining table at all.

If it be argued that the evidence is secret, the reply is simply that in this case secret evidence is not adequate evidence. Military necessity requires many secrets, even in a democratic republic. But military necessity cannot justify military collapse. If there are reasons why we should negotiate with our only potential enemy concerning the legality of the only weapon which keeps us on a par with him, those reasons should be made public. They are sure to be extraordinary.

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Foreign Trends . . . w.s.

The Voice of Mendès-France

A number of well-known intellectuals are gathering around the newly established Paris daily, *L'Express*. François Mauriac and Albert Camus have been alternating a regular column. André Malraux and Albert Sauvy are among those who have signified their adherence. The editor is the young and very talented journalist, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, once the boy-wonder columnist for *Le Monde*. *L'Express* is the avowed and recognized spokesman for Pierre Mendès-France, and for his attempt to whip up a Left combination that will get him back into the premiership and keep him there long enough to institute the New Deal for France that he and his followers make speeches about but haven't yet managed to define very coherently ("Passion, hope, enthusiasm—and sometimes even anger," Mendès-France put it in an address a few years ago.)

Though Mendès-France may be a bit vague about his political program, he is altogether clear about wanting to be Premier. For months, he and his spokesmen of *L'Express* have been demanding elections, but they sound more than a little upset now that elections are actually in the offing. Apparently there are a few little deals that need a while longer for fixing.

Diplomats at Play

In the Parliamentary debate on the Burgess-Maclean case, a Labor member, Mr. Robens of Blyth, filled in the gaps in the official White Paper's restrained reference to Maclean's "serious misconduct in Cairo" during 1950. Maclean started off, according to Mr. Robens, by fighting an Egyptian cop and then breaking the leg of a colleague while on a boating trip. Maclean and "a man friend" (Robens notes that Maclean had homosexual tendencies when drinking), both of them drunk, went to the apartment of an American girl, the librarian of the U.S. Embassy. They forced the door (the girl being absent), drank up all the liquor on hand, "pushed a lot of the girl's clothing down the lavatory, smashed a table," and broke the bathtub by pounding it with a heavy marble slab. They then shifted to another apartment, where Maclean passed out.

Six months after this jolly episode, Maclean was put in charge of United States affairs at the Foreign Office.

Attention, Mrs. Luce

There was much optimism last spring when the Communist-controlled unions were defeated in several important Italian factories—in particular, at the Fiat and Olivetti works. According to discussions at the convention of the Catholic trade union federation, recently held at Bologna, the favorable trend has not continued. This autumn the Communists won at the Alfa Romeo works, the Necchi sewing machine company, and elsewhere. Since January 1, the Communists have carried about three fifths of the union elections in Italy, the Catholics 30 per cent or so, and the right wing Socialists less than 10 per cent.

The UN's Bed of Pain

The French walkout from the UN Assembly, the deadlocked fight over the Security Council seat, the UN helplessness in the face of the Egypt-Israel crisis have combined to stimulate a Europe-wide discussion of the UN and its place in the world. The Swiss *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* and its *Review of World Affairs* editorialize about "Crisis in the United Nations," though they candidly add that crisis is the UN's "permanent condition." The present trouble, they say, is due to newly operating causes, especially "the neo-nationalism of the more recently emancipated states and the racial antagonism they allow themselves to indulge in." In the United Nations, racial antagonism—against whites, that is—is at the moment triumphant. The Asian and African nations, both pro- and anti-Soviet, press for extreme and untenable conceptions of self-determination, while at the same time "individual rights and freedoms do not interest the Asians and Africans in the least."

On the French radio, M. Pinay, the Foreign Minister, belatedly reached the alarmed conclusion that "in the UN Assembly the Arab-Asiatic bloc has more votes than Europe." Henri Laugier, former UN Deputy Secretary-General, writing in *Le Monde*, could not dispute Pinay's arithmetic, but still managed to find reasons why France ought to hop back to the glass house on the East River.

The New Statesman and Nation, sustaining the British Left's traditional skill in evading the plainest facts, heads its lead editorial, "A New Chance for the UN." It turns out that the whole trouble with the UN has been the U.S. "Each year, teams of bored delegates have watched massive majorities lined up behind the American drill-sergeants." Happily, those days are drawing to an end. The eighteen pending members will be admitted. With the help of the Soviet bloc plus the Arab and Asian nations, the American majority will fade away. Thereby we may "advance the date when a representative of Peking will replace the delegate from Formosa."

Toward Popular Fronts

Corriere della Sera, the leading Italian newspaper, is concerned at certain developments of Moscow's current coexistence campaign. A long article analyzes the similarity to the Popular Front tactic of the 1936-39 period. "In France, exactly as in Italy, the principal aim of the Communists is to re-establish the Popular Front." Toward this aim they are maneuvering for agreement with Socialists and other "democratic elements" on specific trade union and election issues.

These observations by *Corriere della Sera* are borne out by a press conference that the French Communist leader, Jacques Duclos, held in Paris at the conclusion of the last meeting of the National Committee of the French Communist Party. Duclos spoke for the ailing Secretary of the party, Maurice Thorez, whose time is spent shuttling between Moscow and his $80,000 Riviera villa. He called not merely for a Popular Front in general, but for alliances (*apparentages*, as they are called) between Communists, Socialists and "sound Republicans (presumably the followers of Mendès-France) in the forthcoming general elections.

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The Grillers

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

> . . . Years of Helen Hokinson cartoons have shamed the "old lady in Dubuque" into being Babbitt Junior's streamlined mother before she is Babbitt Senior's sentimental pioneer mother. In the 1950's the "old lady" reads the svelte perfume and cuisine ads in the *New Yorker* with the same romantic *Bovarysme* with which she read Sears, Roebuck ads in 1925. It is Gaylord's favorite magazine, just as much as the Chamber of Commerce bulletin was George Babbitt's favorite . . . As a New Yorker by birth, who lived most of his life right here in the Dubuquization of Manhattan, I am interested neither in whimsy, nor charm, nor art of living, nor the onion soup served in the East Fifties but am obsessively interested in the price of hogs in Iowa. I intend to talk of nothing else except hogs to the next Iowan who arrives at Grand Central reading the *New Yorker* and who tells me in a voice of urbane banter, "I am a bittersweet observer of life's little ironies. Why have you no feeling for nuance?"
>
> —PETER VIERECK, *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals* (1953), pp. 66-67

A year or so late, I started reading the other night Peter Viereck's brilliant, wide-ranging *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals*. But it was a mistake to do so, because I was just getting over the flu and in no condition, physical or mental, to cope with this "powerful, often violent, often eloquent, often bitterly sardonic attack on mushy liberalism," to quote Gilbert Highet.

For several hours I wrestled manfully with such dazzling tidbits as ". . . intellectuals are the ethical Geiger counters of their society. . . . Modernist poetry is a snore and an allusion. . . . Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not Clarity, I am become a sounding brassiness or a tinkling Symbol. . . . It is time to outkiple any Kipling by a dirge for a lost greatness, partly a reverent dirge, partly a grateful one, most of all an ironic nostalgia. . . . Two wrongs never make a right. . . ."

That last thought-provoking *pensée* was just one too many for me. I had felt stupid enough before beginning the book. Now, with my lips moving constantly as I tried to understand what I was reading, I began to feel positively moronic. To put it charitably, I suspected, largely in the author's own words, that I was defiling the pages in front of me with the thumbprint of the Wrong Hands, and trembled at my "inability to 'keep up with' the sophisticated repartee—O the mad, gay wit of it all!" In Professor Viereck's eye-catching phrase, I knew that "I dassn't" continue.

On my way to bed, and I was pretty slow in getting there because of my debilitated condition, I kept thinking of what those earlier defenders of Conservatism, those so-called New Humanists, Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, might have had to say about Professor Viereck's book, were they still alive.

Before switching off the light, I pulled out my old bedside companion of many years, *The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*, and turned for no telling the how-manyeth time to that never-failing sedative, "The Killers," that quiet, low-toned, slow-paced pastoral of city life back in the Gay Twenties.

After my sickly efforts to buck the lashing rip tides of Professor Viereck's *Shame and Glory*, how soothing the story's quaint curtsies, its simple rhythms, and its even simpler codes, mores, and value-judgments. As always, I dozed off before finishing it, and almost immediately a rather strange tableau began to take shape in my unconscious. The door of Professor Viereck's office in Osmosis Hall opened and two men came in. They sat down at Professor Viereck's desk.

"Whom did you wish to see?" Babbitt Junior asked them.

"Humanist Junior," one of the men said. "Don't we want to see Humanist Junior, Paul?"

"Yes," said Paul. Outside it was getting dark.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, but he won't be in this afternoon. He called over this morning to say he wouldn't be able to keep his office hour today, and to cancel his classes until further notice."

"It says on the card, 'Available for conferences from four to five.' What the hell do you put it on the door for?"

"That's one of the quirks of the academic life, gentlemen. Where there's no leisure the professors start repeating themselves, or plagiarize," Babbitt Junior said.

"You're a pretty bright boy, aren't you?" Irv asked B.J.

"Sure," said B.J.

"Humanist Junior, ain't he a bright boy, too?" Irv asked Paul.

"This town's full of bright boys," Paul said.

"But Humanist Junior is much more than just a bright boy," B.J. said.

"He's a thinker, *au courant* with both the Modern and the Traditional. Awfully stimulating and fertilizing. He's always blowing old fossilized thought patterns to bits. He's seeking a new synthesis, you know."

"That's a good one," Irv said.

"Humanist Junior's a thinker, all right," Paul said.

"For a Conservative," B.J. said, "Humanist Junior is awfully open-minded and receptive to Liberal and Socialistic ideas, to the latest literary experiments as well as to the earliest psychic morbidities. He's not at all stuffy, or exclusive and narrow the way he's always telling me the older Humanists were."

"Talk to me some more, bright boy," Paul said.

"Hell, I'm an Independent Liberal, and he's an Independent Conservative. I tell him he's not anti-liberal, but just nonliberal, and he tells me—but what did you want to see him about?"

"We're going to grill him."

"What do you want to grill him for?"

"For his book on the intellectuals. Just to oblige some friends of ours on Forty-third Street in Manhattan, bright boy."

"Well, you might try to arrange a conference. It would have to be by special appointment, though, because he's a very busy man, what with his huge classes, his books, articles, reviews, poems, Commencement addresses . . . . Believe me, anyone who

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tries to keep abreast of Schlesinger Junior really has his—"

"You talk too damn much," Irv said. "You'd make some girl a nice wife, bright boy. Where does your officemate, young Twinklepen, live?"

"He's lives in Halo House. That's where the Intellectuals stay."

"So long, bright boy. We'll drop around to see him about six."

The two of them went out the door. Babbitt Junior watched them. In their tight overcoats and seedy homburgs, they looked like a couple of straight men in a Humanistic extravaganza.

After two quick Picassos and a Mondrian neat, B.J. hurried over to Halo House to see if Humanist Junior was in his room, and if so, put him on his guard.

"Glory Junior, is H.J. in his room?" asked B.J., pausing momentarily in the penumbra before going on upstairs.

"He's in his room, B.J., but I'm not Glory Junior. I'm Shame Junior. I don't live here. I just come over here to do my makeup work. On probation, you know. Have to feel beastly about Hiss and Pound from five to six on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays."

"You talk too damn much, S.J."

Babbitt Junior went on up. Humanist Junior's transvaluation was open, and through it fitful tossings and nervous twitchings could be heard (B.J. was as sensitive as a lyre). He went in.

"How come you're not coining, H.J.? Don't tell me you are going to lie fallow for a while? Where have you been all day, anyway? The H.W. Wilson people called this morning. They're sorta flustered and embarrassed. Seems they have the uneasy feeling that you may have more periodicals in your stable than they have in theirs. The State Department also called. They are using your 'Statist Margin' concept. Just what they've been looking for, and the honorarium is already in the mail.

"But what I really came for is to tell you that a couple of old gentlemen are on their way over to see you. Their talk is clipped and uncouth, but they're harmless looking. They remind me a lot of those rheumy-eyed Oxford dons of an earlier day who —I read somewhere, maybe in one of your books—thought it not quite g-good form to p-print."

"It's, to coin a phrase, B.J., no go. I can't see them."

"Your answer satisfies me completely," B.J. recited reverently. "Getting snooty, eh?"

"No, it's not that, B.J. As the stooge of my spiritual Odyssey, you're entitled to the naked truth. I heard last night they were in town. I know what it is. They're gonna, to coin a phrase, give me the business."

"But you don't understand, H.J. They just wanta talk to you about *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals.* Maybe have a lot of things cleared up that are much too deep and advanced for them. Those scintillating vignettes probably confused hell out of them. Why—"

"You talk too damn much, B.J. You don't know what I've done, but they do. And so do I. I assumed they were rubbed out by Grattan's Gang, Naturalism, Inc., in the early thirties."

"Aren't you going down and let them grill you?"

"No. I'm holing up here until they leave."

"I gathered the impression that they meant to hang around until they saw you. They may stay on indefinitely. You might better go down now and get it over with."

"I tell you, B.J., I'm not leaving this room until they get out of town."

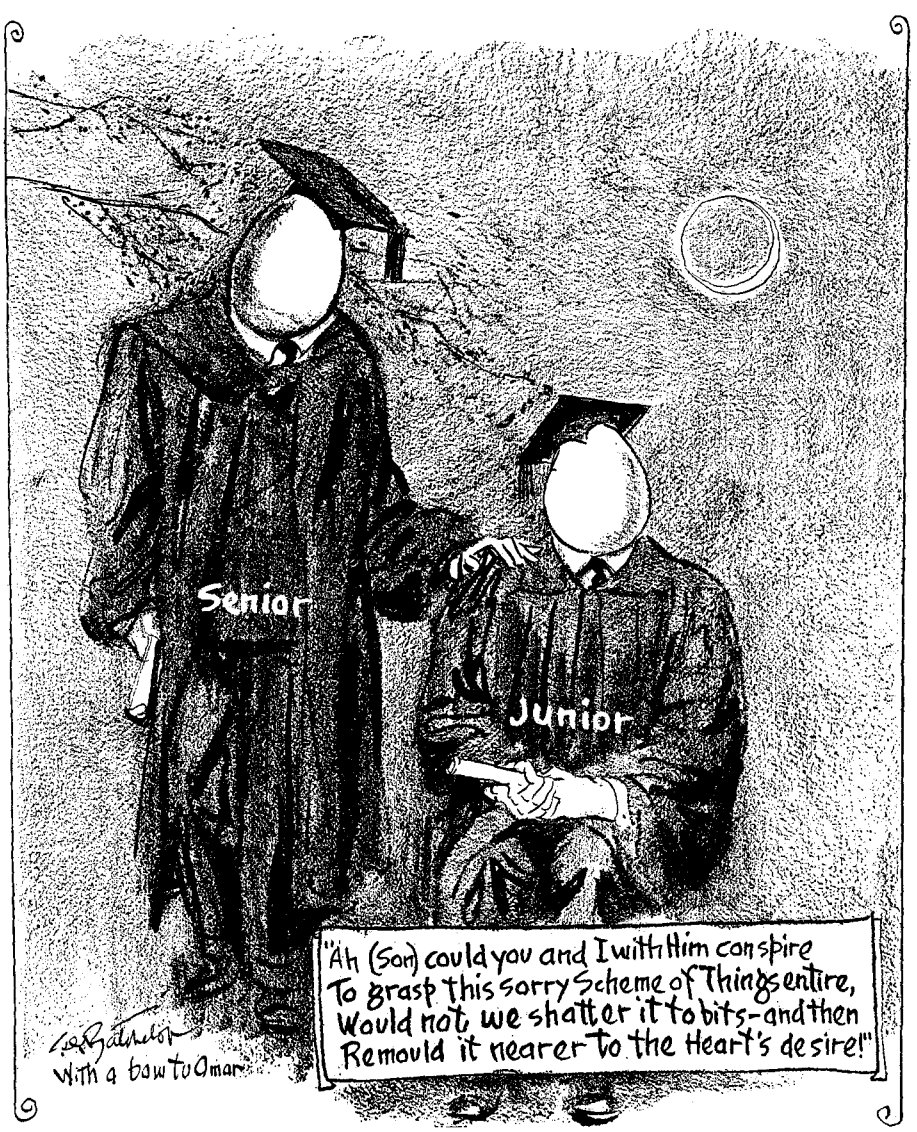
"That may be a long time, H.J., and in your present state, you'll fall way behind in your coining. Why, I'll bet Schlesinger Junior has—"

"Be a nice boy, B.J., and go on downstairs, and when they come tell them I'm not here."

"Do you want me to go and see the reference librarian?"

"No. That wouldn't do any good."

"Perhaps if I told them you were all poohed out from coining, and were willing to talk about the price of hogs,


Senior
Junior
"Ah (Son) could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not, we shatter it to bits-and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's desire!"
With a bow to Omar

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but not about ideas and values—"

"No," H.J. said, "there isn't anything to do now. And damn it, B.J. if you mention hogs to me just once more—"

"I'm sorry, H.J. I was only following the script."

"Now, be a nice boy, B.J., and go on down before they get here. I promise not to treat you so *lumpen* in my next book. After all, when I'm not coining, I sometimes suspect that you and I are not so—what shall I say, not so antipo—so antithet—I've got it! Dif—different, that's the word I was groping for."

B.J. went out. As he shut the door, he bumped into the Custodian of Halo House, a crusty old fellow who had lately been retired as assistant professor of Latin after forty years with the college, and had turned janitor to eke out his modest pension.

"Did you see H.J.?" asked the Custodian.

"Yes," said B.J. "He's in his room and won't go out." B.J. went on to explain the situation. The Custodian listened intently, but B.J. felt he could have been more sympathetic.

"They'll grill him," said the Custodian. "I used to follow those boys, and they're cold, unrelenting grillers. H.J. probably got mixed up with the Blue Flowers and the *avant garde*."

"I certainly wouldn't know," B.J. said.

"Blurred the *genres*, in all likelihood. That's what they grill them for."

"I don't know what it's all about, but I'm gonna collect my Picassos and old *New Yorkers* and get out of this town."

"Yes," said the Custodian, "that's a good thing to do."

"I can't stand to think about him waiting in his room and knowing he's going to get it. Or even worse, lying awake, night after night, hearing Schlesinger Junior's articles growing into books. It's too damned awful."

"Well, *la condition humaine, sub specie aeternitatis*," said the Custodian. "You better not think about it."

On waking up, I recall mumbling to myself that *I* better not think about it any more, either. But later, after a nourishing breakfast of wilted vine leaves and salt pork, I decided to set down my little Freudian squib for whatever it may be worth—to Science, that is. And perhaps the less I think about *that*, the better, too.

from THE SOUNDBOX

Ludwig von Beethoven may have thought that in his music he was expressing the misty complexities of the Rights of Man. In fact, he was transliterating for his age the spirit of Sophoclean tragedy. The pensive Beethoven was an Oedipus half aware of his paternity, and pondering man's fate. The thundering Beethoven was Oedipus alone, his eyes' gore drenching his beard.

It is the reflective Beethoven who dominates the Concerto in D Major for Violin (Opus 61). Tovey found in it a "sublime calm," but he overstated the case—sublimity came in the last quartets or in Opus 111. But the calm and the introspective are already there in a work which after long familiarity is still fresh, still moving. It speaks in long, limpid, rising figures which break and descend before they are resolved.

If there is an ideology to music, it may be said that this concerto, the only one for violin by Beethoven, came in 1806—after the French Revolution had shown that men who would be gods live only to bend a knee to the guillotine. The false hope of the Eroica is past, and the great unfolding of the Ninth is yet to come. In a new high fidelity recording by Capitol, the superb artistry of Nathan Milstein carries the score, and his cadenzas adjust to its spirit. William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony lend gracious support—and the recording engineers have excellently reproduced both the violin's tone and orchestra's sonorities.

Gustav Mahler's Symphony No. 1 in D Major is another kind of distillate. For this singular, ascetic and God-intoxicated man believed he was storming the gates of heaven—a returned Lucifer leading a host of fallen musical angels. Like Beethoven, however, he misunderstood his mission and his soul. Mahler was a lost shepherd walking a dark plain. Bruno Walter, who conducts the New York Philharmonic Symphony in a rich and new Columbia recording of the work, understood the "terrible gloom," the "glaring fires," and the "dark hopelessness" of Mahler's "night of the soul." For this is what the First Symphony is about, though if you have heard it only in the Dimitri Mitropoulos recording you would never guess it. Walter conveys Mahler's sense of extremity. He lived and worked with Mahler; and particularly in the Funeral March, the symphony's key movement, he projects the despair and inner rejection of the music.

On a considerably lower musical level is Mitchell Miller's reading of the oboe part in Mozart's Concerto in C Major, another Columbia release. This is hardly one of Mozart's major works, and Miller, whose prior musical effort was a nagging arrangement of The Yellow Rose of Texas, brings nothing to the score and takes a great deal away. As an oboist, his phrasing is stiff—I am tempted to say that he plays a wooden oboe—and his tone lacks warmth and quality. In the Mozart piece and in three excerpts from extended works by Johann Christian Bach, Miller and Daniel Saidenberg's Little Symphony are, to be flippant about it, thrown for a loss.

I had expected much from a new Capitol recording of Manuel de Falla's experimental Concerto for Harpsichord—a work of clashing instrumental tones in which "modernism" and the flamenco do battle. But what I had found intriguing on the old shellac version (with Falla himself at the harpsichord) was lacking in the new high-fidelity version. Sylvia Marlowe and the Concert Arts Players had all the pieces, but somehow they could not put them together. In their frenetic clanging, the music is lost—perhaps because Miss Marlowe at the harpsichord has all the subtlety of a rather tinny player piano.

Of two cello concertos—in A Minor by Saint Saens, and in D Minor by Lalo—I can only say that Andre Navarra is a mellifluous instrumentalist, that Emanuel Young conducts in good taste, and that the Orchestra of the Paris Opera has a rich and pleasing sound which is well reproduced by Capitol. After that, my prejudices intrude. Saint Saens is a skillful orchestrator and Lalo an adroit melodist—but they do not move me. They compose, but they do not create, musical substance. If I do them wrong, then *mea culpa*.

PAUL CASTELAR

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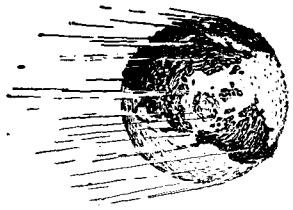

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

The Short View

It is rather hard to understand why our government, spending billions of dollars on its various intelligence services, seems always to be surprised at each new card that is played by the opponent. You would think that someone in the vast Central Intelligence Agency, the military intelligence services or even the State Department might have figured out in advance that the Communists would in due course supply arms to Egypt.

The obvious crisis is focused on the Egyptian-Israeli border. During recent weeks the increased frequency of raids and clashes had raised the question of the renewal of the war even before the Egyptian announcement that Communist arms were on the way. Now, with the arms actually arriving, Israel confronts a possible reversal of her present military superiority over the Arab armies while the Atlantic nations witness the entry of Soviet power into the Middle East.

The immediate problem is whether outright war between Israel and Egypt can be averted. A longer range problem, as everyone understands, is that of devising a reply to the Soviet initiative.

It is probable that the immediate problem can be solved. Neither Israel nor Egypt is at present in a position to conduct a full-scale war against the will of the United States, France and Britain, and in this case the three Western powers seem to be sufficiently determined that there should not be a full-scale war. For the longer range this, of course, settles nothing.

The Great Promontory

In order to adjust our mental vision to this longer range, we must see the Israeli-Egyptian border in the perspective of world geography. A globe will show us at once that the Near East—the Levant—is the Land Bridge between Eurasia and Africa. From the geographical point of view, Asia, Europe and Africa all belong to a single continent: what the geopoliticians call "the Great Continent" when they analyze in terms of land power; or "the World Island" when they are thinking of land as a base for sea and air power. Africa is the southern promontory of the Great Continent. The Near East is the bridge that connects it with the mainland.

It is across this bridge that Mohammed and his followers, streaming in a flanking maneuver along the northern coast of Africa, struck medieval Europe in the rear, through Spain. If it had not been for the paucity of men and resources in their Arabian base, this maneuver might quite possibly have succeeded in ending the career of Christian civilization during the ninth century. The Arabs, bearing the Islamic culture, fell slowly back. They succeeded in maintaining positions in the African north, while over the centuries they have seeped through into western Africa and the regions south of the Sahara. Meanwhile African history was suspended.

From the fifteenth century on, Europeans made settlements of one kind or another in Africa. A century ago there began a scramble to carve Africa up into sets of colonies, but, except for small areas of the southern cape and northern shore, the development has been superficial. Europe was concentrated elsewhere, and nature had imposed stern obstacles.

During this past century, Britain (along part of the time with France) stood guard at the bridge. From the posts of Suez, Palestine, Cyprus, Syria, and from the warships patroling the shores, the watch was kept. Palestine is perhaps the key position. In Dante's geography, Jerusalem is the center, the navel, of the world. Even today guides at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem point out the exact spot.

Halford Mackinder, the great English geographer, concluded: "The medieval ecclesiastics were not far wrong. If the World-Island be inevitably the principal seat of humanity on this globe, and if Arabia, as the passage-land from Europe to the Indies and from the Northern to the Southern Heartlands [i.e., from central Eurasia to central Africa], to central in the World-Island, then the hill citadel of Jerusalem has a strategical position with reference to world-realities not differing essentially from its ideal position in the perspective of the Middle Ages."

Horatius Not at the Bridge

The guards, no longer following the example of Horatius once drilled into young Englishmen through the poem of an imperialist historian, have left their posts. The bridge is open. The struggle for the Great Promontory (at last, through the advent of atomic power and air transport ripe for development) has begun.

The Cairo radio daily broadcasts, in Arabic and Swahili, the Arab League's abuse of the West. It calls for struggle of black men against white, Arabs against Jews, colonial peoples against their oppressors. It defends the Mau Mau "revolution," which, it declares, must extend to a total movement for the "liberation" of all Africa. The Arab and African peoples must join in the fight for "freedom, peace and justice."

It is not very likely that the Arabs, with their internal divisions and their centuries of encrusted backwardness, will be able to superintend the development of Africa. But as the Levant is the land bridge to Africa, so may the Arabs prove to be the human bridge. Communist infiltration of the Arab League and the Arab nationalist movements began some while ago, as the content of the Cairo broadcasts so plainly reveals. Today the Communists arrive openly, bearing arms and gifts—and ideas.

"What if the Great Continent," Mackinder asked thirty-six years ago, "the whole World Island or a large part of it, were at some future time to become a single and united base of sea-power [let us translate to "air-power"]? Would not the other insular bases be outbuilt as regards [planes] and outmanned as regards [airmen]? Their [squadrons] would no doubt fight with all the heroism begotten of their histories, but the end would be fated."

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BUSINESS . . .

JONATHAN MITCHELL

Sometimes you wonder. No more evil-intentioned law was ever enacted than the late President Roosevelt's GI Bill of Rights. The returning GI was to be trapped by loss-leader government loans and insurance, and once a welfare state had been carpentered around him, the rest of American society was to be pulled inside it.

Yet what happened? The GI spotted the Bill's gaudy provision for a 5 per cent down-payment on new homes, and, seizing a lovely girl by the hand, danced off to the suburbs to have first, second and third babies. The down-payment went against all mortgage-lending experience; it was an economic monstrosity. But it also changed an aging Republic into a young one, and the New Deal bribes dwindled to nothing beside one of the great booms of modern times.

Another such was the Full Employment Act of 1946, a brass-knuckled attempt to make inflation a permanent national policy. To keep the furnace trimmed and cherry-red, it set up a President's Council of Economic Advisers.

It took time for this thistle to bear figs. But just because it was a thistle, the Dewey managers, in staffing the Eisenhower Administration, left it alone, and its chairmanship went to Dr. Arthur F. Burns, with the wondering eyes, the fifty-cent pipe and the only drawl with a clear, operatic tone. Dr. Burns came from the National Bureau of Economic Research, the institutional life of which has been spent primarily on the business cycle. For many economists, the business cycle is the pork and baked beans of their science.

It is a question, however, if plain food does not suit the American style better than fancier dishes. American universities, up to the moment, have not made a major addition to economic thinking—one comparable, say, to the late Lord Keynes' "General Theory." It is likely Lord Keynes did not find the lands he claimed on his return, but beyond question he set out on misty seas that no one had sailed before.

Against this American failure in theory is the sure fact that no European country has anything like our flow of information about the workings of its business system. Partly this is due to the patience of businessmen in answering questionnaires, their rueful pride in a fluoroscope existence. But it is also due to the endless shirtsleeve studies of the National Bureau, over which, until he came to Washington, Dr. Burns presided.

The Washington in which he now sits is one of capital-dissipating taxation, a George Orwell-*1984* kind of military spending and bureaucratic interference in business decisions. Dr. Burns' mild, let's-see-if-we-can-fix-it look offends and dispirits many embattled conservatives. They wish taxation and spending down, and the bureaucracy shrunken, and they fear none of these things will be brought about without a St. George's sword. For them, Washington is filled with a bitter-tasting smog, and they hope for a blasting wind that will clear it.

But it may be that the pragmatism or experimentalism of Dr. Burns and the National Bureau is more muscular than it looks. You do not find a person preparing to fix something without a secret conviction about the value of the thing to be fixed, and his own powers. Pragmatism presupposes a central faith so secure it needs no self-proselytizing.

The occasion for the present love-letter to Dr. Burns is a recent speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce. He spoke to listeners who were thinking of the drop of 31.89 D-J points on the New York Stock Exchange, and at a time when spokesmen for the Eisenhower Administration and large corporations were showing a perspiring optimism.

"We must recognize," said Dr. Burns, "that in an economy like ours, poised on a high plateau, neither the threat of inflation nor recession can ever be very distant."

Just as you can fix things, they can come unfixed. The American know-how is how to be comfortable with wet feet, and how to work with arrows whistling through your coonskin cap.

Heavily rearranged, Dr. Burns' speech might serve as a manifesto of business, except that a let's-fix-it man would never draw up a manifesto.

1. "Experience teaches that prosperity often stimulates practices which, unless corrective measures are taken in time, will eventually result in its discontinuance . . ."

2. "If a mounting optimism warps judgment to the point where the quality of credit is allowed to deteriorate . . . the groundwork for later economic trouble is laid all the more securely . . ."

3. "Governmental measures of monetary and fiscal restraint are too austere to be popular . . ."

4. "A government that sought to prolong prosperity by [inflationary] devices would be taking a road that all too often has ended in disaster . . ."

Presumably these words are addressed to, among others, the hot-tip writers of market letters who say the holders of stocks need not worry, that 1956 is an election year and whoever thinks the Administration will let business or the market fall is silly. The Administration will try to keep them from falling. But other Administrations have also tried to, and their tries have missed.

So what, according to Dr. Burns, are we to do?

5. "A period of general prosperity presents a challenge to an intelligent citizenry . . . how to improve the quality of living."

Pragmatism or experimentalism—or whatever you wish to call it—which is without moral fiber may be no more than four-year-olds daubing paint-covered fingers in a progressive nursery. But it can also be grown-up and, grown-up, it is a way for American business to travel, and one coming from the American tradition. We approach a $400 billion economy. No one has ever seen anything like it, or has had experience with how it works. We are embarked on a misty sea. It would be pleasant to have someone at hand who, by subtle calculation, had divined what lies beyond it—providing, that is, he wasn't also guessing. Meanwhile, it is a help to have persons who expect the ship's seams to open in storms, and know how to caulk them.

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The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Hard Week

The Liberal propaganda machine has had a hard week, during which the horizons were black with crows coming home to roost. The kind of week, in other words, during which it always turns the Big Mike over to those of its operatives who have an established reputation for a) spotting crows, b) shooting crows on the wing, and c) shooing crows off the window sills of the propaganda ministry. *Dass heisst*, The Brothers Alsop and Mr. Lippmann.

Crows

The most readily identifiable crows:

1. *Over-commitment on Eisenhower's foreign policy.* The machine had gone off the deep end on the President's inspired and sagacious statesmanship at the time of the meeting at the summit. It had done so again during the days following the President's heart attack. And, like most propaganda machines, it erroneously attributes to its target audience a long memory and a developed capacity for smelling out inconsistencies in a propaganda line.

2. *Over-cuteness about results at Geneva.* The machine had attempted to have it both ways here. Simultaneously it encouraged optimism over the Spirit of Geneva through a period of many months, thus predisposing us to expect the Foreign Ministers' conference to produce epoch-making results, and stressed Soviet wickedness and perfidy through the conference's early days, in the hope that we would not be too disappointed if the results were nil. But the second part of the operation, it became clear last week, had been launched a little late, so that Marquis Childs himself quotes Dulles himself as saying: "I am thinking of the millions and millions of people all over the world who had begun to think peace was possible. And now what will this do to their hopes?" And the machine knows who created those hopes.

3. *Inability to explain the continuance of the so-called Middle Eastern crisis.* The Liberal line had duly invoked the authority of the UN, reminded the Egyptians and Israelis of the blessings of peace, and warned the Egyptians and Israelis that the prospect of war between them was "intolerable." Logically, therefore, the crisis should have ended by the middle of the week, at the latest; and yet there it was, big as life, with Dulles himself drawing ominous comparisons with the crisis over Korea in 1950.

4. *Over-commitment to Micawberism with respect to the Republican nomination for the Presidency.* Hitherto, as noted in this column last week, the machine had been content to spin its wheels in this area, and let Dwight Eisenhower take his time about announcing his intentions. But this week Nixon, whom the machine regards with infinite distaste, went to the head of the learned Dr. Gallup's list of prospective Republican nominees. Further delay is therefore becoming dangerous in the extreme.

Scarecrows

The machine's strategy for disposing simultaneously of these four crows, as adumbrated by the Alsops and Lippmann at the end of the week, apparently involves the following propaganda directives (which we may expect its hackwriters to translate into propaganda themes in the days ahead):

1. *Earl, Earlier.* Bypass the President on humanitarian grounds and draft Earl Warren (that is, the Number Two Man on Dr. Gallup's current list, thus the man who has the least distance to go in order to overtake Nixon). As the Alsops put it, you can't tell a man who's had a bad heart attack that it's his duty to run.

2. *Tender Concern.* Begin, in gentlemanly fashion at first, and hoping against hope that no major smear campaign will be needed, to move in on Nixon. Rationalize this one (as we did with Taft) in terms of tender concern about the possibility of Republican defeat in the next election through nomination of a sure loser. As the Alsops put it, Nixon can't get the independent vote, while Warren is "unbeatable." And as the Alsops further put it, the Democrats, "holding their breaths," agree "secretly" that Warren is unbeatable.

3. *Dull, Duller, Dulles.* Begin to build up support for the Democrats, whom you of course want to see win the next election, by chalking the current crisis up to Dulles, and getting across the point that he is without ideas as to how to deal with it. This will enable you to attack Eisenhower's foreign policy without belying your commitment to Eisenhower's statesmanship.

The Editors of National Review Believe:

1. That there *is* a Liberal point of view on national and world affairs, for which the word "Liberal" has been appropriated;
2. That the point of view consists, on the one hand, of a distinctively Liberal way of looking at and grasping political reality, and on the other hand of a distinctively Liberal set of values and goals;
3. That the nation's leading opinion-makers for the most part share the Liberal point of view, try indefatigably to inculcate it in their readers' minds, and to that end employ the techniques of propaganda;
4. That we may properly speak of them as a huge *propaganda machine*, engaged in a major, sustained assault upon the sanity, and upon the prudence and the morality of the American people—its sanity, because the political reality of which they speak is a dream world that nowhere exists, its prudence and morality because their values and goals are in sharpest conflict with the goals and values appropriate to the American tradition;
5. That NATIONAL REVIEW must keep a watchful eye on the day-to-day operations of the Liberal propaganda machine: the theses it puts forward, the arguments (if any) it advances in their support, and the (implicit or explicit) policy recommendations it urges on us—in a word, on the *Liberal Line.*

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4. *Refurbishing George.* Also by way of beginning to help the Democrats to victory, begin to refurbish the reputation of George F. Kennan, who did the master-minding in foreign policy back in the good old Truman days (when we were winning the cold war hands down). If, like the Alsops, you can lay hands on a letter by Old George (or—who knows?—persuade him to write you one *ad hoc*), and if the letter makes it reasonably clear that recent untoward events would never have occurred had Old George not been left to vegetate at Princeton, shoot the works on it. Count on nobody remembering that the main thing G. K. master-minded was the one war the nation had to walk ignominiously out of because it was too weak to win it, and the policy of containment that—if truth be told—got us into our present predicament.

Look for Crises

5. *Bigger Crises, More Crises.* By way of further discrediting Dulles and the Republicans, exaggerate the crisis. Concretely, discover a crisis everywhere you look: in the Far East (where according to the Alsops the Communists will soon be taking over the offshore islands); in Germany (where according to Lippmann—*and* Kennan—we are now as good as beat no matter what we do); and in Great Britain (where according to the Alsops our current policies are about to produce financial ruin, to be followed by political chaos, to be followed by our losing our strategic air-bases and, along with them, 80 per cent, no less, of our striking power). The bigger and more numerous the crises, the worse the present Administration—not really Eisenhower's, now that we have written him off—will look. And the more likely the Democrats are to regain power.

6. *Cagey Does It.* In exaggerating the crisis, play it cagey. Concretely, leave no room for the suspicion that the crises have resulted from basic policies that the machine, from 1946 onward, has channeled its major energies into defending. Concretely again, convey the impression that if the Republicans had but listened to you, there would have been no crisis anywhere. Be sure to identify as the root of the trouble the Republicans' subordination of foreign economic aid to domestic fiscal policy.

The Old Horsebreaker

Incertitude my easy norm,
Though to Security conform
A Nation whose Collective Denture
Grins ghastly at the Barrier Reef:
Each leaf is my insurance-form
That flies before the rising storm;
It is to Hazard and Adventure
I go for Unemployed Relief.

Chased by the right with lifted truncheon,
Ere it could wolf its rancid luncheon,
Pyjama-striped with spite and scandal,
Each Sunday afternoon would fade.
And while each robot stuffed his tunic
From menus roneo'd in runic,
And at her hurdy-gurdy handle
Britannia ground for Marshall Aid.

With poorer folk I sunned my sores
Till nectar sweated from the pores
For suffering climbs the peaks of mystery
When born in patience with the brave.
And there, upon those heights terrific,
I glimpsed, as Cortez the Pacific,
That sea, to which all human history
Is but a raindrop to the wave.

I can say grace for Housman, Hardy
And all whose thanks were grudged or tardy
That life was not all cakes and ices
When they had gate-crashed birth control . . .
Grace for this life, its saline savor
And condiments of fiery flavor—
Toil, hardship, danger—burning spices
And hot red chilis to the soul!

Rather than mechanized enslavement,
I'd crawl a cripple on the pavement,
Or die a beggar in the drain
Of Barcelona or Madrid,
With "welfare" from the fourth dimension
And Charity for all my pension.
My Sociology contains
No other word, and never did.

To every haven I'm enticed
Where reigns the poverty of Christ
Or kindliness with hardship dwells,
Where Lisbon from an old red sail
Looms out: or on the skies above,
Against the thunderclouds of love,
Toledo soars with rolling bells
Of all my errantries the Grail.

To test my knowledge, as I come
From town to village, dorp to slum,
While changeless cities catalyze
Each metamorphosis I am,
My Maker's image, now my law,
Pythagorizes, with its awe,
Each jungle of electric eyes
To which the tiger is the tram;

Or here divides the roasted ox,
At high Penedo of the rocks,
Providing at our Fairday meal
Above the clouds and sailing towers,
While chance designs, and sunshine charms
My momentary coat-of-arms—
Five orioles in a catherine-wheel
Between the red pomegranate flowers.

ROY CAMPBELL

Exam Time

To the first person submitting a correct answer to this puzzle, in a letter postmarked from anywhere in Massachusetts, NATIONAL REVIEW *will send a long-playing, twelve-inch recording of Beethoven's Concerto in D Major for Violin and Orchestra (Opus 61) by Nathan Milstein. The solution will appear next week.*

Arthur, Henry, Stephen, Richard and Oliver took their examinations and were subsequently rated by the professor in that order. Marks are given as follows: Each student takes five subjects—English, History, Latin, French and Philosophy. The student with the best paper in each subject receives five marks; the student with the next best paper, four marks; the third student, three marks; and so on. Final rating depends on the total marks received.

Arthur, a good student, got a total of twenty-four marks. Stephen got the same mark in each of four subjects. Oliver was top in French and third in Philosophy. What was Henry's mark in French?

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THE WORLD VIEWS THE US

FREDA UTLEY

INDIA. When a voice out of India reproaches America for weakness in meeting the Communist menace, and further warns us that our giveaway programs avail us nothing in the struggle for the world, it is news of the man-bites-dog variety. True that Philip Spratt, who has sent me his remarkable book called *Blowing Up India*, reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is an Englishman who chose India as his country soon after I knew him as a student at London University in the twenties. Nevertheless he possesses a rare knowledge and understanding of the Hindu mind. This enables him to explain why a "high proportion of Indian intellectuals are very hostile to America [in spite of the fact that] for the modern educated Asian, America is the ideal: the first colony to emancipate herself, the strongest, freest, most industrialized and least imperialist nation."

He renders comprehensible the strange paradox that many of Gandhi's followers, who supposedly believe in truth and nonviolence, sympathize with and admire Communist China and Russia and are "acridly critical of America." Among several causes, he cites their "neurotic" belief in the "exceptional wickedness of capitalism," leading to the conclusion that "America, being a capitalist power, must try to establish an empire and take over India from the British." But these deeply-rooted myths, inculcated as much by their Western education as by their Indian background, are only part of the explanation.

Even in India we are told, "there are realists who see that without American support free Asia is doomed," and who realize that they are alive and free "only because America possesses atom bombs." To them pacifism appears "reminiscent of Pilate's ablution: a refusal to take the responsibility of decision, and a cheap claim to moral superiority." But our friends have been disheartened by America's "painfully weak" and vacillating policies which "moved from blunder to blunder" in both China and Korea. In view of this record, those who once wished to be our allies "tend to fall into line with the easy, popular neutralism."

FRANCE. From the other side of the world a similar, but far harsher, verdict on American policy is expressed. Boris Souvarine in his Paris newsletter, ESOPE, writes:

> The Washington Government, incapable of "containing," much less "rolling back," Communist expansion, is reneging on its commitments and promises in exchange for the Kremlin's calculated smiles and nice lying words. President Eisenhower is alienating public opinion by relying on the false assurances of his "old friend Zhukov"... Not wishing to make himself feared, and unable to make himself respected, Uncle Sam knows only how to discredit himself.

EUROPE. A journalist who lives in Paris but is equally at home in Germany and was able to speak personally to Bulganin and Khrushchev at Geneva in their own language, told me last week in Washington of the use being made by Moscow of the "Geneva Spirit" to undermine American influence and the whole western European, Balkan and Middle East security systems instigated and built up by American initiative and dollar aid. "The Kremlin," he said, "is now using the United States as a lever to obtain concessions, or 'friendly relations,' in much the same way as Stalin used the threat of a deal with Hitler both before and during the Second World War." Soviet emissaries are telling the French and others, as well as the Germans, that if they don't give up NATO and go along with Russia, "we can always make a deal at your expense with America, whose President demonstrated at the Summit Conference that he desires to be friends with us."

An example in point is the warning which a Socialist member of the Greek Parliament, Georges Papandriu, received after he had refused an invitation to the Soviet Union. He was told by the Russians that he was acting "contrary to the spirit of Geneva," and that if he or his country continued to be inimical to the Soviet Union, they would "lose American friendship."

GERMANY. A lawyer friend of mine from Bremen now in New York told me a few weeks ago that the Socialist victory there could in part be ascribed to the Geneva Summit Conference. "Some Germans," he said, "have begun to worry lest Adenauer will be left high and dry in his intransigent attitude toward Moscow now that President Eisenhower seems to have become convinced of the necessity to be friendly with the rulers of Soviet Russia. 'Maybe,' people are beginning to say, 'it would be safer to follow the SPD line and try to make our own bargain with Moscow.'"

Fears of this kind were expressed succintly by a businessman in the Ruhr who wrote me after the Summit Conference that he was fearful lest America "make a Chiang Kai-shek out of Adenauer."

LONDON. The *Times*, which frequently expresses official British opinion, in an editorial on November 2, obliquely suggests that the Soviet Government is justified in jamming broadcasts "directed at them, particularly from American sources which contain abuse, propaganda and subversive material." The United States may say, continues the *Times*, that such broadcasts "do not emanate from the State Department," but, since the U.S. Government provides the wave lengths for such anti-Communist propaganda, the time has come for a deal to "lower the tension in transmission from both sides of the Iron Curtain," by an agreement to "deal with jamming, propaganda and wave lengths" all together. In other words, the Spirit of Geneva should impel America to agree to stop anti-Communist broadcasts, which help to keep alive the spirit of resistance to Communist tyranny.

J. B. Priestley in the *New Statesman and Nation* insists that his reputation as an anti-American is false. At long length he explains how much he loves "the real America" as distinct from "certain American political attitudes and policies"; and that it is because of his affection for us that he criticizes us. At the same time he insists that the time has passed when "the Americans paid handsomely to be insulted by visitors. An anti-American reputation is now a poor dollar-earner."

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

E. Merrill Root's Odyssey In Liberal Wastelands

Professor E. Merrill Root of Earlham College in Indiana is a man generous and kind beyond description. He is also sensitive and independent. One wonders, under the circumstances, why he should have left the world of philosophy and poetry, to which he is devoted, and about which he has written with beauty and penetration. But he did—and in order to peel off layer after layer of dialectic and shibboleth and studied bonhomie from the Liberal image of itself to have a look at an underworld of cynics and schemers and nihilists and planners who are busy not only taking the meaning out of life, but also the grace and the joy. The first offense provoked the philosopher in Root; the second, the poet. Now Mr. Root has written a book for Devin-Adair on *Collectivism on the Campus*.

The book has faults. For one thing, one Communist is monotonously like another, and the same is of course true of Liberals. There is something to be said for giving us a statistical idea as to the extent of the Communist penetration of schools and colleges during the thirties and middle forties so long as there are those around like Mr. Barth and Mr. Commager, Mr. Conant and Mr. Hutchins, and others of such celebrated naiveté who talk of Communists in education as one might talk of water moccasins on Park Avenue. If such critics of anti-communism could be brought around by encyclopaedic treatment of communism in education, there would be something to be said for such minute chronicling as Mr. Root goes in for. But since event after event has shown that one can't hope to get anywhere when dealing with minds so encrusted by clichés about the open mind as to leave them hermetically sealed against the impurities of realism, Mr. Root might have saved himself the trouble, and his readers the tedium of covering so many identical waterfronts. (I should add, immediately, that the tedium lies in the fact that for the most part the passages in question transcribe the sayings of other men; Mr. Root himself doesn't know how to bore.)

And then when Mr. Root draws attention to the domination by Liberals of the academic climate, he lets his generosity and his sense of outrage at injustice get the better, occasionally, of his critical judgment. One published letter to Mr. Root, for example, written by a disaffected student at Southern Methodist University, remarked upon his tribulations with a Liberal professor. At one point, said the student,

> I went to him [the professor] . . . and jumped all over him for being so arbitrary and just plain dishonest. It didn't seem to phase [sic] him. . . .
>
> In the final of philosophy of education, he [the Liberal professor] asked if we thought it fair to administer the loyalty oaths. All the rest of the gentle darlings no doubt passively acquiesced, but not me. Other questions too were loaded in favor of his socialism-communism, but I answered them all according to the spirit of a true believer in free enterprise. Do you know what he wrote across the top of my paper? "Authoritarian and illogical."

Not having seen the student's paper, one cannot judge whether it was authoritarian. But much *else* can be gathered from the quoted paragraph, suggesting that however Liberal the professor in question, his life could hardly have been worth living during the fateful year when this particular true believer in free enterprise studied with him.

Be that as it may, Professor Root has written an important and fascinating book about the Liberal conformity in higher education. He reports, by citing case after case, on the rather discriminating attachment shown by our educational elite to the doctrine of academic freedom. Every student worth his salt knows today about the "persecution" of those who refused to sign a loyalty oath at the University of California, and others who are victims of congressional probes. But how many students could identify, let alone detail the persecution of such scholars as Alexander St. Ivanyi, William Couch, Kenneth Colegrove, Frank Richardson, Felix Wittmer, A. H. Hobbs, or such students as Nancy Fellers and Robert Andelson? Mr. Root offers a number of clues into the operation of the Liberal mind, and much evidence to back them up.

But he is never able to explain (and who can?) just what has happened to the sense of fairness that was once the trademark of teachers and truth-seekers, or at least of those of them who were respected and were given positions of responsibility. Some men are born bitter and irresponsible. Such a state of affairs one cannot control, but one wonders at a society that elevates such men into high positions. In 1953, Mr. Root wrote a searching article on literary trends for the respected Washington newsletter, *Human Events*. The *head* of the English Department of Wesleyan University, Dr. Fred B. Millett, commented on the piece—and on his treatment of it—in a newsletter he sends out to fellow professors, called *FBM's Newsletter*. Said Professor Millett:

> In English 48 (Literary Criticism), my most interesting experience came from having the students in an hour-written *point the fallacies*—with reference to the nature of literature, the process of criticism, and the relation between literature and life—in one of E. Merrill Root's essays, "The Culture of the Left," which appeared in a sinister little American-fascist publication *Current Events* [sic] . . . My students, I may say, did a beautiful job of exposing the unsound assumptions of this preposterous performance. [Italics added.]

What do you bet Mr. Millett talks often and loudly about smearmongers in this country?—that is to say, when he is not talking about how students should make up their *own* minds about what is fallacious and what isn't, rather than submit passively to indoctrination . . .

In 1953, when Professor Millett got out this number of his newsletter, he was serving as president of the American Association of University Professors—the academic community's vigilant and militant body to protect professors against violations of academic freedom! What is it about that judicial body that prompted it to call in, as presiding officer, an assassin like Professor Millett?

Who knows?

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ARTS and MANNERS

The world will be the poorer for the recent deaths, by coronary thrombosis, of Bernard De Voto and Robert Sherwood. But it is important at this time that the world should know the true value of a couple of free-wheeling, non-standardized characters. This value had nothing whatsoever to do with the politics which De Voto and Sherwood affected. As card-carrying modern "Liberals" they both misread their own capabilities. De Voto was always out of place as an Adlai Stevenson man, and as for Sherwood, he let his emotions drown out his capacity for an intellectual understanding of the movement of history.

With De Voto, it was a case of the triumph of the sheltered life over what had been a unique and original perspicacity. A dweller by adoption in Cambridge, Massachusetts, he let the eggheads get him. Just how and why this happened is one of those mysteries of personality. But the original De Voto was anything but an egghead.

Utah Lochinvar

The young De Voto came out of the West (he was born in Utah) with a chip the size of a flying saucer on each shoulder. His belligerence was a bracing thing to behold, and it resulted in some really exciting prose. His announced intention was to show up the literary boys for what they were, a group of humorless, pretentious intellectuals with no understanding of human nature in general or Americans in particular. Van Wyck Brooks was his first target—not the Van Wyck Brooks who had done a good job in getting Americans to take an interest in their own literature, but the Van Wyck Brooks who had failed to appreciate Mark Twain.

In the early twenties it was a fashion to regard Mark Twain as a potential Dostoevsky who had somehow missed his calling as a tragic artist. De Voto tore into this particular bit of fashionable idiocy with a delightful gusto. His *Mark Twain's America* restored the frontier humorist and realist to his true historic position as a great comic artist. As De Voto demonstrated, the stuff about Mark Twain being a displaced Russian novelist was strictly for the birds.

Having rescued Mark Twain, De Voto went on to defend George Spelvin, American, against the whole tribe of expatriates. He ripped into the historians who had specialized in promoting the thesis that the main contribution of Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan and Commodore Vanderbilt had been to refine the ways of theft. He slapped down Sinclair Lewis and others for encouraging the view that America was graceless, culturally barren and selfish.

Somewhere along the way, however, De Voto lost his once intimate touch with George Spelvin. At a time when American farmers were finally learning the values of such things as contour plowing, the proper rotation of crops, and soil-building practices in general, De Voto suddenly came up with the theory that the cause of "conservation" was terribly menaced. At a time when electricity as sold by the private utilities was the cheapest commodity in American life, he began talking about the evils of the Power Trust. At a time when big lumber companies had finally learned to plant trees as well as cut them down, Bernard De Voto began to worry about the spoliation of the forests.

In other words, De Voto chose to become Don Quixote at a time when the last windmill had disappeared. It didn't make much sense, but there it was.

Windmills That Weren't There

From his retreat in Cambridge De Voto worried considerably in his last months about the worthy reputations that Joe McCarthy and Carroll Reece had "ruined." But he never specified the identity of the supposed victims. Could it be that he hadn't bothered to do the reporting which an earlier De Voto would have taken on as a matter of course? Was he really concerned for the scholarly reputation of Owen Lattimore? Hadn't he read the man's books?

De Voto was always a Westerner at heart, and he reacted with local pride to the particular problems of the mountain states. In his latter days his regional patriotism pushed him into a narrow partisanship. Because the cattle, the timber, the wheat and the ores of the lands beyond the 100th meridian went to the east, De Voto saw the West as the victim of "spoliation." He lost sight of the fact that steers have to be consumed by people where they live, which happened to be in New York and Chicago. He lost sight of the fact that copper in the ground is a useless thing, worth no more than a stone. The transfer of wealth to the East was a simple matter of moving goods to a market where the market was. When the West began to fill up with people, some of the alleged "spoliation" ceased as a matter of course. Denver became a big manufacturing town on its own. As for Texas, it began to replace Wall Street as a money market. But De Voto was still thinking in terms of an era when the Anaconda Copper Company thought of Montana as a colonial outpost, which it necessarily was so long as few people lived there.

No Substitute for Knowing

De Voto's most recent book, made up of *Harper's* "Easy Chair" articles, gives a good measure of the man, with his virtues and faults almost evenly blended. Taking his career as a whole, the virtues outweigh the faults. De Voto was a man of energy who always said what he pleased, whether right or wrong. In a timid age that was something to be treasured.

To return to Bob Sherwood, his life proves that a good man of the theater does not automatically become a good historian. A novitiate in dramaturgy is no substitute for knowing, for example, what happens when the Orient moves into central Europe. Churchill knew enough to think of Stalin as the Great Khan, but Sherwood didn't. Sherwood reacted emotionally against Hitler, which was an honorable thing to do. But, as the chronicler who wrote *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, he showed little comprehension that the art of statesmanship consists of keeping dangerous powers in balance. Sherwood was a good human being and an interesting playwright, but he did not have a good head for a field which he invaded in late life as an amateur.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The President and the Professor

JAMES BURNHAM

Allan Nevins, Professor of American History at Columbia University, and author of many a book within the field of his competence, is a man intimately acquainted with the works and deeds of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Adams, Marshall, Webster, Calhoun, Lincoln, *et al.* In his successful pursuit of the sometimes elusive Clio, he has undoubtedly read enough memoirs to sink a freighter. It was therefore a decision of much propriety that led the editor of our principal book-screener to assign to Professor Nevins the job of examining *Year of Decisions* (Doubleday & Company, $5), the first volume of the memoirs of our second living ex-President.

Professor Nevins' findings will bring comfort to the heart of the last skeptic. This is "a volume of distinction . . . crisp, vigorous, honest" in its writing. "It has force, clarity and sincerity . . . It well expresses one of the most conscientious, dynamic and (within his horizons) clear-sighted Presidents we have ever had." (Evidently the radar-eyed Presidents of the future will be clear-sighted beyond their horizons.) The reader becomes aware of Mr. Truman's "integrity," "faith," "soundness of instinct," penetrating shrewdness," "insights," "tremendous courage" and "a truly remarkable power of quick, firm decision."

The long review (one of the longest ever published by the *Times*) becomes epic in its peroration: "He grew in his office as few Presidents have ever done; and he was sustained by an unusual knowledge of American history and a firm grasp of our best traditions. To the major crises he brought statesmanlike insight, energy and courage. There was greatness in the man, and the flavor of the greatness comes over into his book."

I was lucky enough to read Professor Nevins' critique before reading Mr. Truman's memoirs. Without it, I dare say that I might have missed some of the qualities toward which Professor Nevins guided me. Even with the advantage of the Nevins briefing, I was puzzled for a few chapters at his wording and his precise choice of epithets. It was Mr. Truman who removed my confusion.

Writing of his childhood and education, Mr. Truman observes: "I do not remember a bad teacher in all my experience. They were all different, of course, but they were the salt of the earth. They gave us our high ideals, and they hardly ever received more than forty dollars a month for it." Now I hasten to add, in justice, that Professor Nevins gets *lots* more than forty dollars a month (the cost of ideals, as of other commodities, is much inflated since Mr. Truman's childhood), but he too is a grain of that sparkling salt which spreads its ideal flavor over our everyday lives.

Mr. Truman's aphorism, if I may so term it ("crisp, vigorous, honest"), reminded me that it is the task of teachers—and professors are also teachers—to edify. And surely it would not be edifying to suggest to the public that during those "fateful days" (as the *Times*' heading describes them) the White House was occupied by a friendly (though somewhat irritable), mediocre little man, without an idea in his head above the level of a precinct committee, whose "growth in office" consisted in swelling up like the frog in the story and "telling off" men who took their political strategy seriously, as he reports so often with such disarming relish in these pages. ("I felt that I had heard enough of this. I told Churchill and Stalin . . . that I did not come there to hold a police court hearing.")

Mr. Truman himself, now that he has left the Presidency, is a kind of teacher, and he too is thereby subject to the duty to be edifying. Everyone will grant that Alger Hiss' role in the ending of the war and the founding of the United Nations was most unedifying. That explains, I presume, why Mr. Truman's pages, though several dozen of them are given to the San Francisco founding conference of the UN, are not sullied by the name of the one who, by a bad stroke of luck, served as its Secretary General.

There are many similar examples of Mr. Truman's care for our moral outlook. Though Yugoslavia, to take one other case, is considerably dealt with, and Tito prominent among his dramatis personae, Mr. Truman spares us the painful memory of Draja Mihailovitch by altogether omitting his name also. And the chaste references to Tom Pendergast will never give young students any naughty ideas about machine politics, you can be sure of that.

Now as for the decisions from which this volume takes it title, Professor Nevins is certainly right in finding Mr. Truman to have been one of our most deciding Presidents; and it is a fact that the ability to decide is a quality indispensable to executives, and by no means universal, even among those who would be the Chief Executive. Still, there are decisions and decisions. For example, there are right decisions and wrong decisions. And though you can get a certain percentage of right decisions, even in multi-choice situations, by flipping a coin, you are likely

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to raise your average if a decision has at least a nodding relation to a coherent body of relevant knowledge.

"The final decision of where and when to use the atomic bomb was up to me," writes Mr. Truman. "Let there be no mistake about it. I regarded the bomb as a military weapon and never had any doubts that it should be used." OK. That was certainly a decision, and it was probably right. To a Hamlet, it might seem permissible that there would have been maybe just one small doubt once. A philosophic type might conceivably have spent a moment or two reflecting that the construction of the atomic bomb could also be regarded as a climactic human and historical achievement as well as a military weapon. A sentimentalist might even have stopped for a few seconds to ponder the death and sorrow that that bomb and its aftermath were inevitably to bring. Still, this was unquestionably an instance of what Professor Nevins calls Mr. Truman's "truly remarkable power of quick, firm decision."

Then there was the decision on intervention in Greece, often and rightly cited by Mr. Truman's admirers. Of course, along about the same time there were half a dozen decisions on China, but over these the admirers and the memoirs draw a decorous veil of silence. There was a pretty good decision on the rail strike, and later a not so good decision on the steel plants. Then there were, in the year here being remembered, a whole series of decisions to hold back Patton from Czechoslovakia, to let the Red Army enter Berlin first, to go along with Moscow on Tito, to forget about the Poles. . . . But why, in the old Missouri phrase, rake over dead Poles . . . ?

I don't want to be fussy. You lose China, you get Greece; you lose the Poles, you get Nehru. You can't have it your way *all* the time. We can readily see what leads Mr. Truman to his philosophic conclusion on pages 518 and 519: "I have always felt that it does not help to keep a running box score on international events." You don't expect every batter to be a Ted Williams.

Perhaps I am making too much of Professor Nevins' edifying prose. Having stopped being a professor myself five or six years ago, I may be out of touch with professorial language. Universities may not be grading Presidents somewhat as packers grade olives: "giant" for the smallest size, "colossal" for medium, and so on up. Or Professor Nevins may be trying to tell us:

"What do you expect for your votes, anyway? He didn't take the furniture, did he? This is the Century of the Common Man, isn't it? And you got your common man, didn't you? You don't know when you're lucky, brother. Wait until you get a taste of Adlai."

Powerful and Subtle

Band of Angels, by Robert Penn Warren. 375 pp. New York: Random House. $3.95

Band of Angels, Warren's fourth novel, clearly constitutes an advance over what is still his best known novel, *All the King's Men.* And over *World Enough and Time,* for though it is somewhat less ambitious, it is perhaps better proportioned and bears its burden of philosophical speculation more gracefully. And in this heyday of the bosomy historical novel, it provides a refreshing demonstration that the historical novel is capable of becoming literature after all.

Because it is a historical novel — and currently on the best seller list to boot — some readers may look down their noses at it, finding it less than tidily Jamesian. It is one of the anomalies of our day that Warren, whose criticism is sometimes carelessly associated with an Alexandrian formalism, should in all his fiction make use of violent plots, melodramatic effects and rhetorical color. Warren is a novelist who refuses to confuse organic complexity with sterile refinement. This novel has both power and subtlety.

Band of Angels does what every good work of the imagination does: it forces us to lay aside our slogans and formulae, our political and sociological diagnoses, and to contemplate freshly once more the essential human predicament. In a day in which the Supreme Court ruling on desegregation has focused renewed attention upon the whole matter of racial relations, a special pertinence attaches to this story of a Kentucky girl who has in her veins a little Negro blood, has been brought up to think of herself as white, and finds herself, on her father's death, seized at the instance of his creditors and sold as a slave.

But the novel's pertinence is not that of mere topicality. Its meaning is deeper than that, and has nothing of a tract's one-sided distortion. If what happens to Amantha provides a poignant instance of the horror involved in racial discrimination, it also provides a reminder of the complexity of the problem. For Warren is not willing to exploit his heroine as an innocent victim. She may fairly be said to incarnate the problem itself. She continues to think of herself as white and of her Negro associates as Negro. Her more abstract and violent efforts to take hold of the situation fail. It is only through a life-long effort of imagination and self-discipline that she can accept herself as she is and, with that act of self-discovery, accept the world that has molded her. This is surely the most brilliant novel of the year.

CLEANTH BROOKS

Blessed Relief

Emily Dickinson: An Interpretive Biography, by Thomas H. Johnson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $4.50

We should be deeply grateful for such a book as this in days like these, when the literary vegetation of criticism, elucidation and interpretation has so dwarfed the meager creative output on which it originally started feeding. Criticism, like the cannibalistic and parasitic trees and creepers of the Madagascar jungle, now preys upon itself, and we have books of criticism of criticism, then books of criticism of criticism of criticism, and so on *ad infinitum.* . . . This parasitic literature, moreover, has a polysyllabic officialese jargon of its own which reminds me of the official language of the various papers and forms issued by the Ministries of the Welfare Socialist State in England—a language calculated rather to intimidate and overawe the poor wretched reader than to enlighten or instruct him.

Any book is a blessed relief if it contents itself with expressing profundities in the clear speech of everyday life, and treats its subject as a human being (instead of an insoluble *problem*) — with warmth, affection, sympathy, and the deep understanding that is inevitably born of such an approach, whether personally, to a living contemporary, or imaginative-

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ly, to a dead poet whose work and letters are a still-living clue to her life and character.

The voice of Emily Dickinson is fresher today than ever it was: her enigmatic fascination grows yearly: and Mr. Thomas H. Johnson recreates a convincing personality that is unforgettable and, what is more, seems to tally, to the very limits of probability, with what we know of Emily Dickinson's work and letters.

Johnson disentangles the web of speculation, gossip and legendary romance that has so long obscured a personality which did not tolerate such ambiguous shadows and half-lights, or allow them to modify her own vision of her God, her world, or herself. He reveals the intricate pattern of emotional forces within the family life of the Dickinsons of Amherst, the puritanical traditions that conditioned Emily's early outlook and formed her character; her friendships, notably with the Reverend Charles Wadsworth, Colonel Higginson and Helen Jackson; the effects of her reading, mostly from the Bible, on her imagery and symbolism; and the growth of her talent and character, by conscious volition, through the years of seclusion in which she protected her integrity from the dangerous outpourings of vitality that every new contact seemed to cause in her violently reactive, emotional nature.

If ever a conscious artist arrived at mastery, through discipline and self-knowledge, it was Emily Dickinson. A life without *events* (if we except the repeated blows Death dealt among those she loved) becomes as exciting, in this book, as any life of adventures. The events that befell her were not *accidents*—but *ideas*, of tremendous impact and interest: what stood in the place of adventure to her were mental aviation and emotional speleology of a more breath-taking kind than can be practiced in the finite external world. We think of other poetesses who led similar lives to hers—Rosalia de Castro and Florbela Espanoa—with their desolating loneliness and sorrow. But Emily Dickinson was innately robust, as robust as that other Emily, Brontë, whom she admired so much. Her mind was tough, wiry, nimble, aggressive and accurate. It filled her solitude with the coruscations of a perpetual sword-play against the encircling loneliness and darkness, and the encroaching shadow of death. Her loneliness was the "circumference" (to use her favorite word) of her vitality, rather than of her sorrow. Such is the Emily Dickinson brought to life in this fascinating study. I have seldom read a more enjoyable biography of a poet.

ROY CAMPBELL

Easy Conclusion

Towards a Science of Peace, by Theo. F. Lentz. 193 pp. New York: Bookman Associates. $3.00

It seems almost churlish to quarrel with a book infused throughout with good will and dedicated to making peace a constant and universal condition. But simplistic reasoning is one of the dangers, too, and I feel that Theo. F. Lentz's *Towards a Science of Peace* is a fairly extraordinary example of reaching an easy conclusion from defective premises.

The argument behind his proposal may be summarized as follows:

Humanity has within its grasp a happy tomorrow because "the dynamic surge of a scientific civilization promises to relieve man of the handicaps of ignorances and poverty and disease." At the same time, this human world is threatened with extinction through technology in the service of war. As Mr. Lentz expresses it in his own jargon, "power-harmony imbalance has been brought about by science in misorder." His conclusion is that since science has got us into this mess, science ought to, and can, get us out.

The assumption underlying his argument is the usual bleak scientific materialism. The whole of phenomena is amenable to the same investigative procedures that have produced "results" in the natural sciences. Here are some of the bald propositions. "We need here to challenge the dualism which says that man's world is divided into two parts, the one characterized and the other not characterized by the principle of ascertainable and knowable cause and effect." "Human intelligence has been fabulously successful in learning how to generate electricity; why should we assume that there is no way to find out how to generate love?" "Anti-social attitudes are as natural as measles and mumps, and like measles and mumps are not likely to be abolished by undisciplined anger and moral denunciation but by the appropriate means to be ascertained by objective study." This last is the crowning exculpation of man; war is a "societal disease" as the crime of the individual is the individual's disease. It is "pragmatically stupid" to attach moral and political blame to warring nations. (Query: Are those who might agree to seek peace along Mr. Lentz's lines to be praised? The tone of his many rhetorical appeals says yes.)

The flaw in this work that leaps to the eye is the use of "science" as a sliding term. Mr. Lentz obviously wants to use it in the same sense as the physicists, chemists and biologists, and he does so whenever he can. But when such use becomes too restrictive even for his data, he uses it in the sense of "all knowledge." Ever and anon, though, one finds him slipping back to his real operating ground in statements like this: "One often wonders why the physical scientists, for example, do not apply their scientific method to the problem of war which their discoveries have terribly aggravated."

When Mr. Lentz comes to the problem of "volitional man," he can do little more than perorate on the need for gaining more knowledge through the channels of these sciences.

There is an ancient precept of theology that nothing can be done if the will is wrong. And in the absence of a teleology arising out of knowledge not merely descriptive, nothing can be done.

RICHARD M. WEAVER

Summing Up Africa

Inside Africa, by John Gunther. 952 pp. New York: Harper and Brothers. $6.00

The Bolshevization of the Eurasian heartland upon whose resources and markets the overpopulated and industrialized West in large measure depended, has catapulted Africa into the limelight. Just yesterday this continent of kaleidoscopic complexity was little considered by the West except as a reservoir of cheap primary produce and cheap expendable labor. On the maps of 1900 it was largely stamped "Unexplored" and, save for its Mediterranean littoral, dismissed as a curious cannibals' abode where

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intrepid missionaries sought souls at their peril.

In the past decade the picture has rapidly changed. It turns out that Africa and its despised people hold the fate in the West in their hands. Those nations that the Kremlin has not grabbed but are uneasily adjacent to the Iron Curtain, have graduated from colonialism to neutralism, and dream of an autarchy that augurs ill for Western commerce. Clearly the loss of Africa on top of the reverses already suffered would sound the death knell of England, France, Belgium and Portugal, already much weakened by the pernicious anemia of socialism. Americans' tremendous investment in Africa would be imperilled, and South America, long a happy hunting ground of the Comintern, and only 1,700 miles distant, would be in the direct line of fire. These unpalatable geopolitical facts of life have sparked the present intense interest in Africa and its multiple problems. The U.S., committed to the defense of the African colonial powers, cannot be unconcerned.

Following the resultant flood of books on Africa comes this magnificent summing-up by John Gunther in *Inside Africa*. A mammoth book, documented with amazing thoroughness, spiced with color, wit and diverting skepticism, sophisticated, liberal and far-sighted, it is a mine of odd information, fascinating digressions and ever-keen reporting. Primarily a political opus, the fruit of 40,000 miles travel in most of Africa's forty-four countries and subdivisions, it probes much and occasionally preaches. It is enormously entertaining, extremely instructive, and without a dull page. It is by far the best of his "Inside" books.

Gunther makes clear the crisis in Africa where nationalism boils from Cairo to the Cape as 193 million Africans strive for concessions and freedom from five million whites who refuse generally to relax political control, to share any of the vast wealth siphoned to the West, or to end the infuriating color bar. The brighter spots are Egypt, the Sudan, Uganda, Liberia and the British West African colonies earmarked for Commonwealth status. Elsewhere the white powers see the handwriting on the wall only faintly, if at all.

Islam (which has no color line) is outdistancing Christianity (which has) by the ratio of three to one in gaining African converts, and Islamic nations are flirting with the prospect of bartering produce for Soviet arms. They encourage African nationalism, which Western powers do not, with the exception of Great Britain. The Bandung Conference was prophetic. It is not enough to argue that Africans, bedeviled by tribal conflicts, illiteracy, cultural uprooting, disease and untimely death, are unready for self-rule. That's what we said about China, India, Indonesia, Malaya and the Middle East.

Gunther sees that the vast African hunger for manhood rights and independence must be appeased by early concessions and reforms—or else.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

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Colorful Friend

Chicago, With Love, by Arthur Meeker. 302 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.75

Incorporated as recently as 1832, and almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1871, Chicago is nevertheless today a sober, middle-aged city, prosperously filled-out at the waist and as sure of its place in the sun as Rome.

But from 1900 to 1930, it was bursting with youth, ambition, new money, and a brash provincial charm which our Henry James would have frowned on, but which Arthur Meeker, a native son of 1902 vintage, has now evoked with warm, anecdotal (and doting) affection.

As he candidly admits, his Chicago is a partial world. It excludes Al Capone, the stockyards, Louis Armstrong, the U. of C., the Loop. Bounded by Michigan Avenue and Lake Shore Drive, it shines instead with such near-mythical names as Marshall Field, Mary Garden, Harold McCormick, John Alden Carpenter and Mrs. Potter Palmer. The people and way of life portrayed are those of a wealthy upper bourgeoisie at that organic, self-confident, yet unpompous stage before it becomes too class-conscious: when its mores, snobberies and "best families" are real, live, *earned*; and before they have hardened into mere habits and affectations. Again and again, I was pleasantly reminded of another Middle Western saga, Booth Tarkington's *The Magnificent Ambersons,* and though not a Chicagoan myself, I found Mr. Meeker's rambling, very personal monologue as much fun as listening to someone gossip all evening about his oldest, best loved and most colorful friend. ROBERT PHELPS

Effective Antidote

Blowing Up India, by Philip Spratt. 117 pp. Calcutta: Prachi Prakashan. \$0.50

Philip Spratt joined the British Communist Party after graduating from Cambridge in 1924. In 1926 he was sent as a Comintern emissary to India. His revolutionary activities led to several years in jail. The reading and reflection he there accomplished combined with the lesson of events to bring him much wisdom. He broke with communism, but remained in India, where he married a Hindu and became an Indian citizen.

This small and admirable book is a political autobiography, but at the same time it is a calm, just commentary on the course of Indian, to some degree of Asian, politics during the past generation. It is remarkable how much Mr. Spratt is able to say, in so little, about even the individual persons of the story—Mao, for example, Chiang, Gandhi, M. N. Roy, Krishna Menon, and of course Nehru (a man "determined to be determined" in whom he finds a most suggestive analogy to Franklin Roosevelt).

Philip Spratt may be confidently prescribed as an effective antidote to an overdose of Chester Bowles. J. B.

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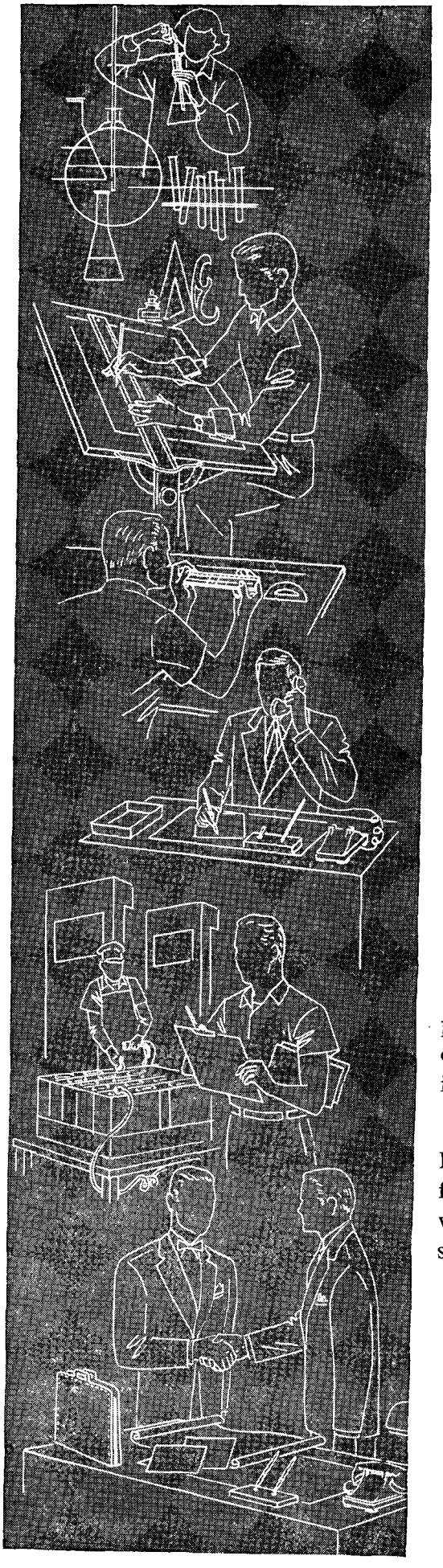

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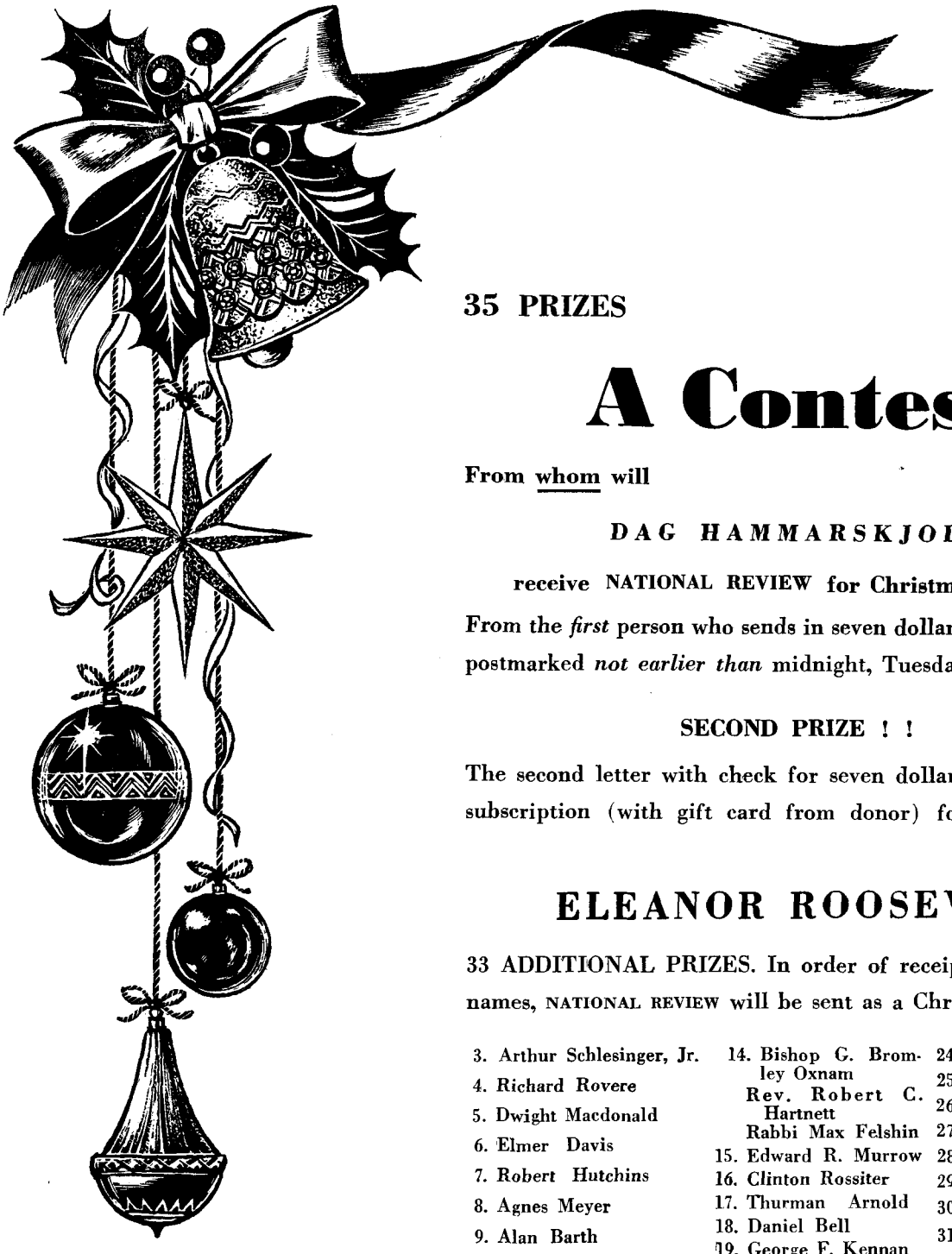

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